Accessions
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THE
Second Part of the Iron Age

VVhich contayneth the death of *Penthesilea*, *Paris*, *Priam*, and *Hecuba*: The burning of *Troy*: The deaths of *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus*, *Clitemnestra*, *Hellena*, *Orestes*, *Egistus*, *Pillades*, King *Diomed*, *Pyrhus*, *Cethus*, *Synon*, *Thersites*, &c.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent aut Delectare.

Printed at *London* by *Nicholas Okes*, 1632.

149.597
May 1893

Drammatis personæ.

New persons not presented in the former part of *this History*.

Pyrhus the sonne of *Achilles*, surnamed *Neoptolemus*.
Synon a periured Greeke, by whose teares *Troy* was set on fire.
Chorebus a Prince, who came to the warres for the loue of *Cassandra*.
Laocoon, a priest of *Apollo*.
Polites, a young sonne of King *Priam*, and Queene *Hecuba*.
A *Troian* Citizen, & his wife.
A second *Troian*.
Souldiers of *Greece*.
Souldiers of *Troy*.
The Ghost of *Hector*.
A Lord of *Mycena*.
A Guard.

Penthesilea Queene of the *Amazons*, with her trayne of *Viragoes*.
Cethus sonne to King *Naulus*, and brother of *Palamides*.
Pillades the friend of *Orestes*.
Orestes sonne to King *Agamemnon*, and his Queene *Clitemnestra*.
Electra, sister to *Orestes*.
Hermione daughter to King *Menelaus* and Q. *Hellen*.
Clitemnestra wife and Queene to *Agamemnon*.
Egistus a fauorite to Queene *Clitemnestra*.
The Priest of *Apollo*.
Attendants.

To my VVorthy and much Reſpected Friend, Mr. *Thomas Mannering* Eſquire.

Worthy Sir,

AND my much reſpected Friend: The Impreſſion of your Loue, after ſo many yeares acknowledgment, inforceth me that I cannot chuſe, but in my beſt recollection, to number you in the File and Liſt of my beſt and choyceſt Well-wiſhers. True it is, that my vnable merit hath euer come much ſhort of your ample acknowledgement: Howſoeuer, though you bee now abſent in the Countrey, vppon a neceſſary retyrement; yet let this witneſſe in my behalfe, that you are not altogether vnremembred in the Citty: Nor take it vnkindly at my hands that I haue reſerued your name to the Cataſtrophe and concluſion of this Worke; Since being *Scæna nouiſſima*,

It must be consequently the fresher in memory; as you haue had euer a charitable and indulgent censure of such poore peeces of mine, as haue come accedentally vnto your view. So *I* intreate you now, (as one better able to iudge, then *I* to determine) to receiue into your fauourable patronage, this second part of the *Iron Age*. *I* much deceiue my selfe, if *I* heard you not once commend it, when you saw it Acted; if you persist in the same opinion, when you shall spare some sorted houres to heare it read, in your paynes, *I* shal hold my selfe much pleased: euer remaining

Yours, not to be chang'd:

Thomas Heywood.

To the Reader.

COurteous Reader: *I commend vnto thee an intire History, from* Iupiter *and* Saturne, *to the vtter subuersion of* Troy. *with a faithfull account of the Deathes of all these Princes of* Greece, *who had hand in the Fate thereof*, (Vlisses *only excepted, to whom belongeth a further* History.) *Reade freely, and censure fauourably. These Ages haue beene long since Writ, and suited with the Time then: I know not how they may bee receiued in this Age, where nothing but* Satirica Dictæria, *and* Comica Scommata *are now in request: For mine owne part, I neuer affected either, when they stretched to the abuse of any person publicke, or priuate. If the three former Ages (now out of Print,) bee added to these (as I am promised) to make vp an handsome Volumne; I purpose* (Deo Assistente,) *to illustrate*

ſtrate the whole Worke, with an Explanation of all he difficulties, and an Hiſtoricall Comment of euery hard name, which may appeare obſcure or intricate to ſuch as are not frequent in Poetry: Which (as the reſt) I ſhall freely deuote to thy fauorable peruſall, in this as all the reſt induſtrious to thy pleaſure and profit:

Thomas Heywood

The second Part of the IRON AGE: With the Destruction of TROY.

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, Diomed, Thersites. *Drum, Colours, Souldiers, &c.*

Agamemnon.

YOu Terrors of the *Asian* Monarchy,
And *Europes* glory: Warlike Lords of *Greece*:
Although the great Prince of the *Mirmidons*,
And arme-strong *Aiax*, our best Champions,
Be by the gods bereft vs: yet now comes
A Phœnix out of their cold ashes rising:
Pyrhus, sirnamed *Neoptolemus*:
On whom for his deceased fathers sake,
Wee must bestow some honours. *Menelaus*,
Vlisses, *Diomed*, giue the Prince meeting,
And be his conduct to the Generall.

A flourish. Enter the Kings before named, bringing in Pyrhus, Synon, *with attendants.*

Aga. Pyrhus kneele downe, wegirt thee with this sword,

Ere

ſt was thy fathers. In his warlike hand
It hath cleft Troians to the nauell downe,
Par'd heads off faſter then the harueſt Sithe
Doth the thin ſtalkes, or bending eares of graine:
Weare it, and draw it to reuenge his death.
Princes, performe your ſeuerall ceremonies.

Di. Theſe golden ſpurs I faſten to thine heeles,
The fame thy warlike father wonne in field,
When *Hector* tide with thonges to his ſteeds fet-locks,
Was drag'd about the high built wals of *Troy*.

Vliſ. This Armour, and this plumed Burgonet,
In which thy father, like a rampier'd wall,
Oppoſde the fury of his enemies,
(By generall conſent of all theſe Princes
Attributed to me) loe I ſurrender
To youthful *Neoptolemus*, weare it Prince,
Not all the world yeeldes a more ſtrong defence.

Mene. *Achilles* Tent, his Treaſure, and his iewels,
We haue reſeru'd, inioy them noble *Pyrhus*;
And laſtly his ſtrong guard of Mirmidons,
And with the honour hee with theſe haue wonne,
His Sword, Spurs, Armour, Guard, Pauileon,
Be by his valiant ſonne much dignified.

Pyr. Before I touch the handle of his ſword,
Or to my Knightly ſpurres direct my eyes,
Lace this rich Armour to my youthfull ſides,
Or roofe mine head within this warlike Tent,
Make proofe of this his plumed Burgoner,
Or take on me the leading of his Guard;
Witneſſe you Grecian Princes, what I vow;
By *Saturnes* ſonne, the ſire of *Æacus*,
Begot on faire *Europa*; by their iſſue,
The ſecond Iudge, plac'd on the infernall bench
I will diſcend to *Peleus*, and from him,
Euen to my naturall father, with whoſe honoure
I ioyne my mother *Deidamiaes*
And in my vengefull oath include them all,

Till

Till *Priam* be compel'd to shut his Gates
For want of men: Ile be as merciless
As vntam'd Lyons, and the flesh-fed Beares,
Blood shall looke brighter in young *Pyrhus* eyes
Then dissolu'd Christall, till old *Priams* haires
Be dy'de in goare: till *Hecub's* reuerent locks
Begul'd in slaughter; all their sonnes and daughters,
Subiects, and Citty quite confus'd in ruine,
Bow to our mercilesse fury: Ile not leaue
This blacke and fatall siege; and this I sweare
As I am Prince, and great *Achilles* heire.

Aga. Euen in thy lookes, I read the sack of *Troy*,
And *Priams* Tragedy: welcome sweete *Pyrhus*,
And welcome you his warlike followers.

Syn. where be these Troians? I would faine behold
Their wing'd battalions grapple? I would see
The batter'd center flye about their eares
In cloudes of dust: I would haue horses hoofes
Beate thunder out of earth: the chariot Trees
I would see drown'd in blood, *Scamander* plaines
Ore-spread with intrailes bak'd in blood and dust:
With terrour I would haue this day as blacke,
As when *Hyperion* leaping from his Spheare,
Cast vgly darknesse from his Chariot wheeles,
And in this vail'd confusion the faint Troians
Beate backe into the Towne: I'de see their Gates
Entred, and fire by their high Battlements
Climing towards heauen: the pauement of th'streets
I'de see pau'd ore with faces: infants tost
On Lances poynts: big-bellied Ladies flung
From out their casements: I'd haue all their soules
Set vpon wings, and *Troy*, no *Troy*, but fire,
As if ten thousand Comets ioyn'd in one,
To close the world in red confusion.

Py. Wel spake bold *Synon*; and my Lords of Greece,
This fellow boasts no more then with his sword,
Hee will aduenture for, and should that fayle,

He'le ſet his braine to worke. I tell you Princes,
My Grandſire *Lycomedes* hath made proofe
Of *Synons* pollicies, ſtate-quaking proiects
Are hand-maides to his braine; and he hath ſpirit
To driue his plots euen to the doore of Death,
With rare effects, and then not all the world
Affoords a villaine more incomparable,
Then *Synon* my attendant. Warlike Princes,
I ſpeake this to his prayſe: and I profeſſe
My ſelfe as ſterne, bloody, and mercileſſe.

Ther. I haue not heard a brauer Character
Giuen to a Greeke: and had hee but my rayling,
He were a man compleate.

Syn. Sure there is ſomething
Aboue a common man in yon ſame fellow,
Whom nature hath ſo markt, and were his mind
As crooked as his body, hee were one
I could bee much in loue with.

Ther. Hee hath a feature
That I could court, nay wili: I would not looſe
His friendſhip and acquaintance for the world.
Mee thinkes you are a comely Gentleman.

Syn. I euer held my ſelfe ſo: and mine eye
Giues you no leſſe: of all the *Grecians* here
Thou haſt a face like mine, that feares no weather,
A ſhape that warre it ſelfe cannot deforme:
I beſt loue ſuch complexions.

Ther. By the gods
Wee haue two meeting ſoules: be my ſweete Vrchin.

Syn. I will,
And thou ſhalt bee mine vgly Toade.

Ther. A match: be wee hence forth brothers and friends.

Syn. Imbrace then friend and brother: my deare Toade.

Ther. My amiable Vrchin.

Pyr. I long for worke, will not theſe Troians come,
To welcome *Pyrhus*, great *Achilles* ſonne?

Vlyſſ. Their drummes proclayme them ready for the field.

Enter

Enter Priam, Paris, Penthesilea, *and her traine of* Viragoes, Æneas, Chorebus, Laocoon, Anthenor, *&c.*

Aga. Perhaps King *Priam* hath not yet related
The newes of *Neoptolemus* arriue,
That hee presumes thus, weakned as he is,
To ope his Gates, and meete vs in the field.

Pyr. Tis like hee hath, because for want of men
Hee brings a troope of Women to the field:
Most sure hee thinkes wee (like our warlike father)
Will be insnar'd with beauty: *Priam* no,
We for his death, are sworne vaine beauties foe.

Penth. Art thou *Achilles* sonne, beneath whose hand
Assisted by his bloody Mirmidons,
The valiant *Hector* fell?

Pyr. Woman I am.

Penth. Thou shouldst be then a Coward.

Pyr. How?

Penth. Euen so:
Thy father was a foe dishonourable,
And so the world reputes him.

Pyr. By all the gods------

Pent. Sweare not, for ere the closure of the battaile,
If both the Generals please, with my good sword,
In single combate Ile make good my word.

Pyr. O that thou wert a man! but womens tongues
Are priuiledg'd: come *Priam*, all his sonnes,
The whole remayne of fifty, Ile make good
My fathers honour gainst sufficient oddes.
But for these scoulds, we leaue them to their sexe:
What make they amongst souldiers.

Penth. Scorne not proud *Pyrhus*
Our presence in the field; I tell thee Prince,
I am a Queene, the Queene of *Amazons*,
A warlike Nation disciplin'd in Armes.

Pyr. Are you those Harlots famous through the world,

That haue vſurpt a Kingdome to your ſelues,
And pent your ſweete-hearts in a barren iſle,
Where your adulterate ſportes are exercis'd.
Pent. Curbe thy irregular tong: we are thoſe women
That practiſe armes, by which we purchaſe fame.
All the yeare long, onely three monethes excepted,
Thoſe wherein Phœbus driues his Chariot,
In height of ſplendor through the burning Cancer,
The fiery Lyon, and the Virgins ſigne:
Then we forſake our Sun-burnt Continent,
And in a cooler clime, ſport with our men,
And then returne: if we haue iſſue male,
Wee nurſe them vp, then ſend them to their Fathers,
If females, we then keepe them, and with irons
Their right paps we ſeare off, with better eaſe
To couch their ſpeares, and practiſe feates of armes.
We are thoſe women, who expel'd our Land
By *Ægypts* Tyrant: Conquered *Aſia*,
Ægypt and *Cappadocia*: theſe two Ladies
Diſcend from *Menelippe* and *Hyppolita*,
Who in *Antiopes* raigne, fought hand to hand
With *Hercules* and *Theſeus*; we are thoſe
That came for loue of *Hector* to the field,
And (being murdred) to reuenge his death.
Py. Then welcome *Amazonians*, as I liue
I loue you though I hate you: but beware,
Hate will out-way my loue, and ile not ſpare
Your buskind ſquadrons: for my fathers fall,
Troians, and *Amazonians* periſh all. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* Pyrhus *and* Pentheſilea.

Py. Now Queene of *Amazons*, by the ſtrong ſpirit
Achilles left his ſonne, I let thee know
My father was an honourable Foe.
Pent. Defiance *Pyrhus*, ile to death proclaime,
Hector was by *Achilles* baſely ſlayne:
And on his ſonnes head, with my keene edg'd ſword,
And thundring ſtroaks, I will make good my word. Alarum

Alarum. *They are both wounded, and diuided by the two armies, who confusedly come betwixt them: to* Pyrhus *enter* Agamemnon, Vlisses, *and* Menelaus.

Vlis. What? wounded noble *Pirhus?*

Pyr. Wounded? no,
I haue not met one that can raze the skinne
Of great *Achilles* sonne.

Aga. Yet blood drops from your arme.

Pyr. Not possible!
Tis sure the blood of some slayne enemy.
Come lets vs breake into the battailes center,
And too't pel mel.

Mene. But *Neoptolemus*,
Wee prise thy safety more then all aduantage:
Retire thy selfe to haue thy wounds bound vp.

Pyr. Cowards feare death,
Ile venge my blood, though with the losse of breath.

Alarum. *Enter* Paris.

Art thou a mad-man fellow, that aduenturest
So neere the blood of *Neoptolemus*,
Whose smallest drop must cost a Troians life.

Par. Art thou the bleeding issue of that *Greeke?*
I, in reuenge of noble *Hectors* death,
Slew in *Apolloes* Temple.

Pyr. Art thou then
That coward and effeminate Troian boy.

Pa. Arme wounded Greek, I slew the false *Achilles*,
An act which I am proud of.

Aga. Fall on the murderer,
And flake him smaller then the *Lybean* sand.

Pyr. If any but my selfe offer one blow,
Ile on the Troians party oppose him.
Come *Paris*, though against the oddes of breath,
Achilles wounded sonne, will venge his death.

Paris *is slayne by* Pyrhus. A *retreate sounded.*

Enter

Enter then King Diomed, *and* Synon.

Dio. Why sound the Troians this retreate?

Syn. *Paris* is slayne, and *Penthisilea*
Wounded by *Pyrhus*.

Dio: Come then *Synon*
Goe with me to my Tent, this night we'le reuell
With beauteous *Cressida*.

Syn. Not I, I hate all women, painted beauty
And I am opposites: I loue thee lesse
Because thou doat'st on Troian *Cressida*.

Dio. She's worthy of our loue: I tell thee *Synon*,
Shee is both constant, wise, and beautifull.

Syn. She's neither constant, wise, nor beautifull,
Ile prooue it *Diomed*: foure Elements
Meete in the structure of that *Cressida*,
Of which there's not one pure: she's compact
Meerely of blood, of bones and rotten flesh,
Which makes her Leaprous, where the Sun exhales
The moyst complexion, it doth putrifie
The region of th'ayre: there's then another,
Sometimes the Sunne sits muffled in his Caue,
Whilst from the Clouds flye hideous showers of raine,
Which sweepes the earths corruption into Brookes,
Brookes into riuers, Riuers send their tribute,
As they receiue it to their Soueraigne
The seething Ocean: Thus Earth, Ayre, and Water,
Are all infected, she then fram'd of these,
Can she be beautefull? No *Diomed*,
If they seeme faire, they haue the helpe of Arte,
By nature they are vgly.

Dio. Leaue this detraction.

Syn. Now for this *Cressids* wisedome, is she wise,
Who would forsake her birth-right, her braue friend,
The constant *Troylus*, for King *Diomed*,
To trust the faith of Greekes, and to loue thee
That art to *Troy* a profest enemy?

Dio. Canst thou disprooue her constancy?

Syn.

Syn. I can.
Neuer was woman constant to one man:
For proofe, doe thou but put into one scale
A feather, in the other *Cressids* truth,
The feather shall downe weigh it: *Diomed*
Wilt thou beleeue me, if I win not *Cressid*
To be my sweete heart: yet haue no such face,
No such proportion, to bewitch a Lady;
I neuer practis'd court-ship, but am blunt;
Nor can I file my tongue: yet if I winne not
The most chast woman, I will cut it out.
Shall I make proofe with her?

Enter Cressida.

Dio. There shee comes,
Affront her *Synon*, Ile with-draw vnseene.

Syn. A gallant Lady, who but such a villaine,
As *Synon* would betray her: but my vowe
Is past, for she's a Troian. *Cressida*,
You are well incountred: whether away sweet Lady?

Cres. To meete with Kingly *Diomed*, and with kisses
Conduct him to his Tent.

Syn. Tis kindly done:
You loue King *Diomed* then?

Cres. As mine owne life.

Syn. What seest thou in him that is worth thy loue?

Cres. He's of a faire and comely personage.

Syn. Personage? ha, ha.
I prithee looke on me, and view me well,
And thou wilt find some difference.

Cres. True, more oddes
Twixt him and thee, then betwixt *Mercury*
And limping *Vulcan*.

Syn. Yet as fayre a blowse
As you, sweete Lady, wedded with that Smith,
And bedded too, a blacke complexion
Is alwayes precious in a womans eye:
Leaue *Diomed*, and loue me *Cressida*.

Cref. Thee.
Syn. Mee.
Cref. Deformity forbeare, I will to *Diomed*
Make knowne thine insolence.
Syn. I care not, for I, not desire to liue,
If not belou'd of *Creſſid*: tell the King
If hee stood by, I would not spare a word.
For thine owne part, rare goddesse, I adore thee;
And owe thee diuine reuerence: *Diomed*
Indeed's *Ætolians* King, and hath a Queene.
Cref. A Queene?
Syn. A Queene, that shal hereafter question thee:
Or canst thou thinke hee loues thee really
Beeing a Troian, but for present vse:
Can Greekes loue Troians, are they not all sworne
To do them outrage?
Cref. How canst thou then loue me?
Syn. I am a pollitician, oathes with me
Are but the tooles I worke with, I may breake
An oath by my profession. Heare me further,
Think'st thou King *Diomed*, forgets thy breach
Of loue with *Troylus*? Ey or that he hopes
Thou canst be constant to a second friend,
That wast so false vnto thy first belou'd.
Cref. Synon thou art deceiu'd thou knowst I neuer
Had left Prince *Troylus*, but by the command
Of my old father *Calchas*.
Syn. Then loue *Diomed*;
Yes, do so still, but *Creſſid* marke the end,
If euer hee transport thee to *Ætolia*,
His Queene wil bid thee welcome with a vengance:
Hast thou more eyes then these? she'le fal to work,
For such an other Vixen thou nere knewest.
Come *Creſſida* bee wise.
Cref. What shall I doe?
Syn. Loue me, loue *Synon*.
Cref. *Synon* loues not mee.

Syn.

Syn. Ile sweare I do.
Cres. I heard thee say, that thou wouldst breake thine oath.
Syn. Then Ile not sweare, because I will not breake it:
But yet I loue thee *Cressida*, loue mee,
Ile leaue the warres vnfinisht, *Troy* vnsackt;
And to my natiue Country beare thee hence:
Nay wench Ile do't; come kisse me *Cressida*.
Cres. Well, you may vse your pleasure;
But good *Synon* keep this from *Diomed*.

Enter King Diomed.

Dio. Oh periured strumpet,
Is this thy faith? now *Synon* Ile beleeue
There is no truth in women.
Cres. Am I betrayed? oh thou base vgly villaine,
Ile pull thine eyes out.
Syn. Ha, ha, King *Diomed*,
Did I not tell thee what thy sweet heart was.
Cres. Thou art a Traytor to all woman kinde.
Syn. I am, and nought more grieues me then to
Thinke, a woman was my mother.
Cres. A villaine.
Syn. Right.
Cres. A Diuell.
Syn. Little better.
Dio. Go get you backe to *Troy*, away, begon,
You shall no more be my Companion.
Syn. And now faire Troian Weather-hen adew,
And when thou next loueſt, thinke to be more true: *Exit.*
Cres. Oh all you powers, aboue looke downe and see,
How I am punisht for my periury.

Alarum. *Enter* Penthesilea *with her Amazonians.*

Penth. Stay, what sad Lady's this? whence are you woman?
Of *Troy* or *Greece*?
Cres. I was of *Troy* till loue drew me from thence,
But since haue soiourn'd in the Tents of *Greece*,

With *Diomed* King of *Etolin*:
Oh had I neuer knowne him.
Pent. Would you truſt
You honour amongſt ſtrangers? but ſweete Lady
Diſcourſe your wrongs.
Creſ. I was betray'd:
It ſhames mee to relate the circumſtance,
By a falſe Greeke, one that doth hate our ſexe,
One *Synon*, if you meete him in the battaile,
I with my teares intreate you be reueng'd.
Pent. How might wee know him?
Creſ. His viſage ſwart, and earthy ore his ſhoulder
Hangs lockes of hayre, blacke as the Rauens plumes:
His eyes downe looking, you ſhall hardly ſee
One in whoſe ſhape appeares more treachery.
Pent. We looſe much time: Lady haſt you to *Troy*,
And if we meete a fellow in the battaile
Of your deſcription, by our honor'd names,
We'le haue his blood to recompence our ſhames.
Alarum. – *Enter* Therſites.
Amaz. By her deſcription this ſhould be the man.
Ther. Compaſt with ſmockes and long coates:
Now you whoores.
Pent. Is thy name *Synon*?
Ther. No, but I know *Synon*.
Hee is my friend and brother.
Ama. For *Synons* ſake, prepare thy ſelfe for ſlaughter.
Enter Synon.
Syn. Ho, who names *Synon*?
Ther. Brother thou nere couldſt come in better time:
See, ſee, how I am rounded.
Pent. Were euer ſuch a payre of Diuels ſeene?
They are ſo like, they needes muſt bee allied.
Syn. What can their Dammes ſay to vs?
Pent. You betray Ladies, enuy all our ſexe,
And that you now ſhall pay for, girt him round.
Syn. I recant nothing, backe me ſweete fac'd brother:

And now you witches, varlets, drabes, and queanes,
We'le cut you all to fragments.

Alarum. Synon *and* her sites *beaten off by the* Amazon. Pyrhus *enters, fights with* Penthesilea, *after this a retreate sounded, then enters* Menelaus, Agamemnon, Vlisses, Diomed.

Aga. The Troians sound retreate.

Vliss. Who saw young *Pyrhus?*

Mene. I feare his too much rage hath spur'd him on
Too farre amongst the *Amazonian* troopes.

Enter Synon *and* Therstites.

Syn. Why stand you idle here, and let the Troians
Lead warlike *Pyrhus* prisoner to the Towne.

Agam. How *Pyrhus* prisoner?

Ther. Wee saw him compast by the *Amazons:*
Penthesilea with her bustain troopes
Layd load vpon his Helme.

Vliss. Then this retreate
Vpon the suddaine argues that they lead him
Captiue to *Troy.*

Enter Pyrhus.

Pyr. Courage braue Princes, I haue got a prise
Worthy the purchase, on my Launces poynt
Sits pearcht the *Amazonians* lopt off head,
Vpon my warlike sword her bleeding arme,
At sight of which the Troians sound retreate:
The honour of this day belongs to vs.

Omnes. To none but *Neoptolemus.*

Pyr. Synon you play'd the coward: so *Therstites.*

Ther If not so.
I had not liu'd to see *Troyes* ouerthrow.

Syn. When didst thou euer see a villaine valiant?
What's past remember not, but what's to come:
Priam hath shut his Gates, and will no more
Meete him in armes: can you with all your valour
Glide through the wals, if not what are you neere
For all your Ten yeares siege?

Pyr. Tis true, ſome ſtratagem to enter *Troy*
Were admirable: for Princes till I ſee
The Temple burne wherein my father dyde,
And *Troy* no *Troy* but aſhes; my reuenge
Will haue no ſterne aſpect, till I behold
Troyes ground-ſils ſwim in pooles of crimſon goare:
Ramnuſia's Alter fild with flowing helmes
Of blood and braines: *Priam* and *Hecuba*
Drag'd by this hand to death, and this my ſword
Rauiſh the breſt of faire *Polixena*,
I ſhall not thinke my fathers death reueng'd.

Aga. To him that can contriue
A ſtratagem by which to enter *Troy*,
Ile giue the whole ſpoile of *Apolloes* Temple.

Mene. I my rich Tent.

Vliſ. I the Palladium that I brought from *Troy*.

Dio. I all my birth-right in *Ætolia*.

Syn Peace, tis here: I ha't.

Pyr. Ile hugge thee *Synon*.

Syn. Touch me not, away:
There're more hammers beating in my braine
Then euer toucht *Vulcans* Anuile, more Ideaes
Then Attomes, Embrions innumerable,
Growing to perfect ſhape; and now 'tis good.
Call for *Endimions* baſtard, where's *Epeus*?
Ile ſet him ſtraight a worke.

Pyr. Vpon ſome Engine *Synon*.

Syn. A horſe, a horſe.

Pyr. Ten Kingdomes for a horſe to enter *Troy*.

Syn. Stay, let me ſee:
Vliſſes you haue the Palladium.

Vliſ. I, haue ſo.

Syn. Call for *Epeus* then, the Generall
Hath no command in him.

Agam. Lets know the proiect.

Syn. And that Palladium ſtood in *Pallas* Temple,
And Conſecrate to her.

Vliſ.

Vlif. It did ſo.
Syn. Call for *Epeus* then.
Pyr. Lets heare what thou intendeſt.
Syn. Ile haue an Horſe built with ſo huge a bulke,
As ſhall contayne a thouſand men in Armes.
Pyr. And enter *Troy* with that?
Syn. Doo't you, you trouble mine inuention,
I am growne muddy with your interruption:
Good young man lend more patience, heare me out:
This Engine fram'd, and ſtuft with armed Greekes.
(Will you take downe your Tents, march backe to *Tenedos?*)
Pyr. What ſhall the Horſe doe then?
Syn. Not gallop as your tongue doth: good *Vliſſes*
Lend me your apprehenſion; when the Troians
Finde you are gone aboord, theyle ſtraight ſuppoſe
You'l not weigh Anchor: till the gods informe you
Of your ſucceſſe at Sea: if then a villaine
Can driue into their eares, the goddeſſe *Pallas*
Offended for her ſtolne Palladium:
(Will you erect this Machine to her honour?)
Withall that were it brought into her Temple,
It would retayne the gilt Palladiums vertue.
Might not the forged tale mooue aged *Priam*,
To hale this Engine preſently to *Troy*,
Pull downe his wals for entrance, leaue a breach
Where in the dead of night, all your whole Army
May enter, take them ſleeping in their beds,
And put them all to ſword.
Agam. Tis rare!
Pyr. Tis admirable, I will aduenture
My perſon in the Horſe.
Syn. Do ſo, and get a thouſand ſpirits more.
King *Agamemnon*, if you like the proiect,
Downe with your Tent.
Agam. *Synon*, wee will,
Syn. Ile ſet a light vpon the wals of *Troy*
Shall giue the ſummons when you ſhall returne.

About it Princes : *Pyrhus* get you men
In readineſſe, I will expoſe my ſelfe
To bewitch *Priam* with a weeping tale,
I cannot to the life deſcribe in words,
What Ile expreſſe in action.

Agam. Downe with our Tents.

Pyr. Ile to picke out bold *Greeks* to fil the horſe:
Shine bright you lampes of Heauen, for ere't be long
We'le dim your radiant beames with flaming lights
And bloody meteors, from *Troyes* burning ſtreetes.

Syn. Such ſights are glorious ſparks in *Synons* eies,
Who longs to feaſt the Diuell with Tragedies.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus Secundus : Scœna prima.

Enter Æneas, *and* Chorebus.

Æneas. The *Grecians* gone?

Cho. All their tents rail'd, their ten yeares ſiege remoou'd:
Now *Troy* may reſt ſecurely.

Æne. They may report at their returne to *Greece*
The welcome they haue had : what haue they wonne?
But wounds, Times loſſe, ſhame, and confuſſion.

Enter K. Priam, Anthenor, *young* Polytes, Polixena,
Hecuba, *and* Hellen, *with attendance.*

Pri We now are Lord of our owne Territories,
Ten yeares kept from vs by th'inuading *Greekes* :
Now wee may freely take a full ſuruey
Of all *Scamander* plaine, drunke with the mixture
Of th'oppoſite bloods of Troians and of Greekes.

Hecu. And royall Husband we haue cauſe to ioy,
That after ſo long ſiege the Greekes are fled,
And you in peace may reſt your aged head.

Æne.

Æne. Vpon this East-side stood *Vlisses* Tent,
The politicke Greeke.
Cho. There was old *Nestors* quarter,
And *Agamemnons* that; the Generall.
Pria. Vpon the north-side of the field, *Achilles*
That bloody Greeke pitcht, and vpon this plaine,
I well remember, was my *Hector* slayne.
Hel. This empty place being South from all the rest,
The valiant *Diomed* hath oft made good,
And here, euen here, his rich Pauillion stood.
Hecu. But here, euen here, neere to Duke *Aiax* tent,
Round girt with Mirmidons, my *Troilus* fell.
Cho. Then was this place a standing Lake of blood,
Part of which moysture the bright Sunne exhald;
And part the thirsty earth hath quaft to *Mars*:
But now the swords on eyther part are sheath'd,
And after ten yeares tumults warres surcease,
They layding their ships home with shamefull peace.
Pria. For which we'le prayse the gods, banquet and feast,
Since by their flight, our glorious fame's increast.

The Horse is discouered.

Æne. Soft, what huge Engine's that left on the strond,
That beares the shape and figure of an Horse.
Cho. What, shal we hew it peace-meale with our swords?
Pria. Oh be not rash, sure tis some mistery
That this great Architecture doth include.
Cho. But mine opinion is, this Steedes huge bulke
Is stuft with Greekish guile.
Æne. I rather thinke
It is some monumentall Edifice
Vnto the goddesse *Pallas* consecrate:
Then spare your fury.

Enter Laocoon *with a launce.*

Lao. Why stand you gazing at this horrid craft,
Forg'd by the slye *Vlisses*, is his braine

Vnknowne in *Troy*? or can you looke for safety
From those who ten yeares haue besieg'd your wals?
Either this huge swolne bulke is big with souldiers,
Longing to be deliuer'd of arm'd Greekes,
Whose monstrous fatall and abhorred birth,
Will be *Troyes* ruine: else this hill of timber
This horse-like structure stabled vp in *Troy*,
Wil spurne down these our wals, our towers demolish,
Which it shall neuer: come you Troian youth
That loue the publicke safety, no proud Greeke
Vpon this Steedes backe, o're *Troyes* wall shall ride.
First with this Iauelin Ile transpearce his side.

Pria. What meanes *Laocoon*?

Æne. Princes stay his fury.

Lao. Harke Troians, if a iarring noyse of Armes,
Sighed not throw these deep Cauernes, I deuine
This gluttenous wombe hath swallowed a whole band
Of men in steele, then with your swords and glaues
Rip vp his tough sides, and imbowell him,
That we may prooue how they haue lin'd his intrailes.

Enter two souldiers bringing in Synon *bound.*

Soul. Stay, and proceed, no further in your rage,
Till we haue learnt some nouell from this Greeke,
Whom in a ditch we found fast giu'd and bound.

Pria. Laocoon cease thy violence till we know
From that poore Grecian, what that Machine meanes.

Syn. Oh me, (of all on earth most miserable,)
Whom neither Heauens will succour, earth preserue,
Nor seas keepe safe, I, whom the Heauens dispise,
The Earth abandnos, and the Seas disdaine:
Where shal I shroud me? whom, but now the Greekes
Threatned with vengeance; and escap'd from them,
Falne now into the hands of Troians, menacing death:
The world affoords no place, to wretched *Synon*,
Of comfort, for where ere I fixe my foote,

I tread

I tread vpon my graue: the foure vaſt corners
Of this large Vniuerſe, in all their roomes
And ſpacious emptineſſe, will not affoord me
My bodies length of reſt: where ere I flye,
Or ſtay, or turne, Death's th'obiect of mine eye.
Pria. What art thou? or whence com'ſt thou? briefly ſpeake.
Thou wretched man, thou moou'ſt vs with thy teares:
Vnbind him ſouldiers.
Syn. Shall I deny my ſelfe to be of Greece?
Becauſe I am brought Captiue into *Troy?*
No *Synon* cannot lye: Heauen, Earth, and Sea,
From all which I am out-caſt, witneſſe with me
That *Synon* cannot lye: thrice damn'd *Vliſſes*,
The black-hair'd *Tyrhus*, and horned *Menelaus*
Crook-back'd *Therſites*, luxurious *Di med*,
And all the rable of deteſted Greekes,
I call to witneſſe, *Synan* cannot lye.
Could I haue oyl'd my tongue, and cring'd my ham,
Suppled mine humble knee to crouch and bend,
Heau'd at my bonnet, ſhrugg'd my ſhoulders thus,
Grin'd in their faces, *Synon* then had ſtood,
Whom now this houre muſt ſtue in his own blood.
Æne. The perfect image of a wretched creature,
His ſpeeches begge remorſe.
Pria. Alas good man,
Shake off the timerous feare of ſeruile death,
Though 'mongſt vs Troians, and thy ſelfe a Greeke,
Thou art not now amongſt thine enemies,
Thy life Ile warrant, onely let vs know
What this Horſe meanes.
Syn. Greece I renounce thee, thou haſt throwne me off,
Faire *Troy* I am thy creature. Now Ile vnrip
Vliſſes craft, my fatall enemy,
Who ſold to death the Duke *Palamides*,
My Kinſman Troians (though in garments torne)
Synon ſtands here, yet is he nobly borne:
For that knowne murder did I haint his Ten-

With rayling menaces, horrible exclaimes,
Many a blacke-saint, of wishes, oathes, and curses
Haue I sung at his window, then demaunding
Iustice of *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
Duke *Nestor* with the other Lords of *Greece*,
For murder of the Prince *Palamides*,
And being denide it in my most vexation,
My bitter tongue spar'd not to barke at them:
For this I was obseru'd, lookt through and through
Vlisses braine had markt me, for my tongue
And fatted me for death by *Calchas* meanes,
He wrought so farre that I should haue bin offred
Vnto the gods for sacrifice, the Priest
Lifting his hand aloft to strike me dead,
I lept downe from the Altar, and so fled,
Pursuite and search was made, but I lay safe
In a thicke tuft of sedge, till I was found
By these your souldiers, who thus brought me bound.

Pria. Thou now art free secur'd from all their tyranny:
Now tell vs what's the meaning of this Horse?
Why haue they left him here, themselues being gon?

Syn. My new releas'd hands, thus I heaue on hye,
Witnesse you gods, that *Synon* cannot lye,
But as a new adopted Troian now
By *Priams* grace; I here protest by *Ioue*,
By these eternall fires that spangle Heauen,
The Alter, and that sacrificing sword,
Beneath whose stroake I lay, since my base Country
Casts me away to death, I am now borne
A sonne of *Troy*: not *Hector* whilst he liu'd
More dammag'd *Greece* by his all wounding arme,
Then I by my discouery: Well, you know,
How the Greekes honour *Pallas*, who inceast
Because *Vlisses* the Palladium stole
Out of her Temple, and her Warders slew,
In rage she threatned ruine to all *Greece*:
Therefore to her hath *Calchas* built this Horse:

(Greece

(Greece pardon me, and all my Countrey gods
Be deafe to *Synons* tale, and let it bee
Henceforth forgot that I was borne in Greece,
Leaſt times to come record what I reueale,
The blacke confuſion of my Natiue weale.
Priam. And what's that *Synon?*
Syn. Where left I? at the Horſe, built of that ſize,
Leaſt you ſhould giue it entrance at your Gates:
For know ſhould your rude hands dare to prophan
This gift ſacred to *Pallas*: Rots and diſeaſes,
Peſts and infections ſhall depopulate you,
And in a ſmall ſhort ſeaſon, they returning,
Shal ſee thy ſubiects ſlain, faire *Troy* bright burning.
I'm euen with thee *Vliſſes*, and my breath
Strikes all Greece home for my intended death.
Pria. Thankes *Synon*, we ſhall bounteouſly reward thee.
Æne. And ſee my Leige, to make good his report,
Laocoon, he that with his Iauelin pierſt
This gift of *Pallas*, round embrac'd with Snakes,
That winde their traines about his wounded waſt,
And for his late preſumption ſting him dead.
Pria. We haue not ſeene ſo ſtrange a prodigy,
Laocoon hath offended all the gods,
In his prophane attempt.
Syn. Then lend your helping hands,
To lift vp that Pallad an monument
Into *Troyes* Citty: Leauers, Cables, Cords.
Cho. It cannot enter through the Citty Gates.
Syn. Downe with the wals then.
Cho. Theſe wals that ten yeares haue defended *Troy*,
For all their ſeruice ſhall wee ruine them.
Syn. But this ſhall not defend you for ten yeares,
But make your Towne impregnable for euer.
Pria. Downe with the wals then, each man lend a hand.
Cho. I heare a noyſe of Armour.
Æne. Ha, what's that?
Cho. I feare ſome treaſon in that Horſe incloſed:

Nor will I lend an hand to hale him in.

Omnes. Downe with the Wals.

Æne. And Troians now after your ten years toile,
Dayes battailes, the fields trouble, and nights watch,
This is the first of all your rest, feast, banquet, ioy and play,
Pallas is ours, the Greekes sayl'd hence away.

Pria. Here we release all Centries and commit
Our broken wals to her Celestiall guard:
We will reward thee *Synon*, the Greekes gone,
Priam may rest his age, in his soft throne. *Exe.*

Syn. So, so, so,
Synon I hope shall warme his hands annon,
At a bright goodly bone-fire: Here's the Key
Vnto this Machine by *Epeus* built,
Which hath already with his brazen breast,
Tilted *Troyes* wall downe, and annon being drunke
With the best blood of Greece, in dead of night
Hauing surcharg'd his stomacke, will spew out
A thousand men in Armes: sweet mid-night come,
I long to maske me in thy sable Wings,
That I may do some mischiefe and blacke deedes:
We shall haue rare sport, admirable spoyle,
Cutting of throats, with stabbing, wounding, killing
Some dead a sleep, and some halfe sleep, halfe wake:
Some dancing Antickes in their bloody shirts,
To which their wiues cries, & their infants shreeks,
Play musicke, braue mirth, pleasing harmony:
Then hauing spitt young children on our speares,
We'le rost them at the scorching flames of *Troy*:
Flye swift you winged minutes till you catch
That long-wisht houre of stilnes: in which *Troy*
Sleeps her last sleep, made drunk with wine and ioy.
In the receiuing of this fatall Steede,
Sicke *Troy* this day hath swallowed such a pill,
Shall search her intrayles, and her liues blood spill. *Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, *with souldiers in a soft march, without noise.*

Agam.

Aga. Soft, ſoft, and let your ſtilneſſe ſuite with night,
Faire *Phebe* keepe thy ſilner ſplendor in,
And be not ſeene to night.

Mene. Were *Phebe* in my caſe,
She ſoone would bluſh to ſhow her horned face.

Vliſſ. We would not haue a ſtarre caſt it's cleare eye
On our darke enterpriſe: too faſt: ſo, ſtill.
Here Ambuſh, till you ſee the flaming Torch,
Synon this night vpon the wals of *Troy*,
Will toſſe about his eares, as a true ſignall,
The great *Epean* ſtructure is receiu'd,
And we may find ſafe entrance by the breach.

Aga. A ſtand, the word through all the Regiment.

Mene. A ſtand.

Enter Synon *with a torch aboue.*

Syn. Thy euerlaſting ſleepe, ſleepe careleſſe *Troy*,
This horrid night buried in Wine and mirth,
This fatall Horſe ſpur'd by the braine of *Synon*,
Hath lept ore *Troys* high bulwarks, great with Greeks,
Foure times in rayſing vp the monument,
A ſhaking ſound of Armour harſhly iar'd
In all the Princes eares, and had they not
Beene drunk in *Synons* teares, they'd found our guile.
It is now mid-night. The blacke darkneſſe ſalne,
And rould o're all the world, as well the Poles,
As the great Ocean, and the earth: now's the time
For tragicke ſlaughter, clad in gules and ſables,
To ſpring out of Hels iawes, and play ſtrang reakes
In ſleepy *Troy*, this bright and flaming brand
Which I ſo often giue about mine eares,
Is ſignall for the Armies quicke returne,
And make proud *Iſtium* like my bright torch burne,
Winke all you eyes of Heauen, or you ſhall be
Blood-ſhot to view *Troyes* diſmall Tragedy. *Exit.*

Aga. The ſignals on the wal: forward braue ſouldiers,
The Horſe is entred, *Synons* Tale beleeu'd.

And wee this night shall see the sacke of *Troy*.
Men. March on then, the black darknes couers vs,
And we without suspition easily may
Disperse our selues about these high built wals:
Vlis. Now with a soft march enter at this breach
But giue no token of a loud Alarme,
Till we haue met with *Pyrhus* and the rest,
Whom the Steedes bulke includes.

They march softly in at one doore, and presently in at another. Enter Synon *with a stealing pace, holding the key in his hand.*

Syn. Soft, soft, ey so, hereafter Ages tell,
How *Synons* key vnlockt the gates of Hell.

Pyrhus, Diomed, *and the rest, leape from out the Horse. And as if groping in the darke, meete with* Agamemnon *and the rest: who after knowledge imbrace.*

Pyrhus. The Generall?
Agam. Pyrhus?
Dio. Menelaus?
Mene. Diomed?
Ther. My Vrchin?
Syn. What my Toade?
Pyr. Well met in *Troy* great Lords.
Vlis. Where are wee now?
Sy. In the high street, nere to the Church of *Pallas*,
And this you pass, the gate cal'd *Dardanus*.
Pyr. Then here begins *Troyes* fatall tragedy:
Princes of Greece, at once vnsheath your swords,
And heare protest with *Neoptolemus*,
By our fore-father *Peleus*, grandam *Thetis*,
The Emperious goddesse of the Sea, that made
Achilles, saue in th'heele, invulnerable,
And by my father great *Æacides*,
His glorious name, his Armour which I weare,

His

His bloody wounds, and his blacke sepulchre;
I here abiure all respite, mercy, sleepe,
Vntill this Citty be a place confus'd:
This murall girdle that begirts it round
A Cawsey for the *Greekes* to trample on,
The place a stone-heape swimming in an Ocean
Of *Troian* blood, which shall from farre appeare
Like an high Rocke in the red Sea.

Syn. A braue show,
To see full Boates in blood of *Troians* rowe,
And the poore labouring Snakes with armes spread swimme
In luke-warme blood of their allyes and kin.

Men. Whence must this Ocean flowe?
From thousand Springs
Of gentle and ignoble, base and Kings.

Pyr. Set on then, none retire;
Waue in the one hand steele, in the other fire.
Loude Drummes and Trumpets ring *Troyes* fatall peale,
That now lyes drawing on, the word be vengeance,
Alarum, at that watch-word fire, and kill,
And wide-mouth'd *Orchus* with whole legions fill.

A loude Alarum. Enter a Troian *in his night-gowne all vnready.*

Tro. T'was an alarum sure that frighted mee
In my dead sleepe, 'twas neare the *Dardan* port:
Ioue grant that all be well.

Enter his wife as from bed.

Wife. Oh Heauen! what tumult's this
That hurryes through the fatall streetes of *Troy*?
I feare some treason.

Tro. Stay Wife, lay thine eare
Vnto the ground and list, if we can gather
Of what condition this strange vproare is
That riots at this late vnseasoned houre?
Sure 'tis the noise of war, whence should it grow?
The *Greekes* are sayl'd hence, *Troy* needes feare no foe.

Wife. The horrid ſtirre comes on this way towards vs.
Troi. Oh whither ſhall we turne?

A great cry within. Alarum, Enter Pyrhus *with the reſt their weapons draw and torches.*

Wife. Oh ſaue mee husband.
Troi. Succour me deere wife.
Omnes. Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*!
Pyr. So flye the word along, dye old and young,
Mourne *Troy* in aſhes for *Achilles* loſſe,
Steele in one hand, in th'other fire-brands toſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorebus *at one doore, at another* Æneas *with their weapons drawne.*

Cho. This horrid clamour that hath cal'd mee vp
From my deepe reſt, much, much amazeth mee;
Tis on the right hand, now vpon the left,
It goes before me and it followes mee:
Oh *Ioue* expound the meaning of this horrour
Which the darke mid-night makes more terrible.
Æne. this ſtreete is cleare, but now I climb'd a Turret,
And I might well diſcerne all ſe *Troy* in fire,
And by the flame the burniſht Helmets gliſter
Of men in Armes, whence *Ioue Olympicke* knowes.

Enter a ſecond Troian.

2. *Tro.* Where ſhall I hide me? Treaſon, *Troyes* betray'd;
The fatall horſe was full of armed *Greekes*.
Chore. Of *Greekes*? damn'd *Synon*.
2. *Tro.* Prince *Chorebus* fly,
Fly great *Æneas*.
Cho. Which way? where? or how?
Are we not rounded with a quick-ſet hedge
Of pointed ſteele? are not the gates poſſeſt
And ſtrongly man'd with *Greekes*? death euery where,
Then whither ſhould we flye?
Æne. Into the throng.
Where blowes are dealt, where our inflamed Turrets

Burne

Burne with moſt fury.

Cho. Nobly ſpeakes *Æneas*.

Æne. Then whither flames, and furies, ſhreiks and clamors,
Death, danger, and the deuils hurry vs,
Thither will we: follow where I ſhall lead,
Thouſands ſhall fall by vs ere we be dead.

Enter Therſites *with other* Greekes.

Ther. Charge on theſe naked Troians, and cry thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*.

Cho. Charge on theſe armed Grecians, and thus cry,
We may yet liue to ſee ten thouſand dye.

They charge the Greekes *and kill them,* Therſites *runs away.*

Cho. Well fought braue ſpirits in our vtter ruine,
We are Conquerours yet: let's don theſe Greekiſh habits,
And mixe our ſelues amongſt their Armed ranks;
So vnexpected murder all we meete:
The darkeneſſe will aſſiſt our enterpriſe.
Theſe Greekiſh Armes this night by Troians worne
Shall to the fall of many Grecians turne.

Enter all the Greekes.

Omnes. Burne fire, and kill, as you wound cry thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas followed by Hectors *ghoſt*

Æne. What art thou that with ſuch a grim aſpect,
In this black night ſo darke and turbulent,
Haunts me in euery corner of my houſe
Which yet burnes o're mine eares?

Hect. Doeſt thou not know me?
Or can *Æneas* ſo forget his friend?
This face did fright *Achilles* in the field,
And when I ſhooke theſe lockes, now knotted all,
As bak't in blood; all *Greece* hath quak't and trembled.
Looke on mine Heeles, and thou maiſt ſee thoſe thongs
By which ſo often I was dragg'd 'bout *Troy*,
My body made an vniuerſall wound

By the vnnumbred hands of *Mirmidons*,
This th'hand that toſt ſo many wild-fire balls
Into the *Argine* fleete, and this the body
That deck't in *Aiax* and *Achilles* ſpoyles
Ridde from the fields triumphant thorow *Troy*.
Æne. Prince *Hector?*
Hect. Hence *Æneas* poſt from *Troy*,
Reare that abroad the gods at home deſtroy.
The Citty burnes, *Priam* and *Priams* glory
Is all expir'd, and tumbled headlong downe:
Caſſandraes long neglected propheſies
This night fulfils. If either ſtrength or might
Could haue protected *Troy*, this hand, this arme,
That ſau'd it oft, had kept it ſtill from harme.
But *Troy* is doom'd, here gins the fatall Story
Of her ſad ſacke and fall of all her glory.
Away, and beare thy Country gods along,
Thouſands ſhall iſſue from thy ſacred ſeede,
Citties more rich then this the Grecian ſpoyle,
In after times ſhall thy ſucceſſors build,
Where *Hectors* name ſhall liue eternally.
One *Romulus*, another *Bruite* ſhall reare,
Theſe ſhall nor Honours, nor iuſt Rectors want,
Lumbardies roome, great Britaines *Troy-nouant*.
Heu fuge nate Dea, teq; his pater eripe flammis;
Hoſtis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine Troia
Sacra, ſuoſq; tibi commendat Troia penates
Hos cape fatorum comites, his mœnia quære
Magna: pererrato ſtatues quæ denique ponto. *Exit.*
Æne. Soft lie thy bones and ſweetly may they reſt
Thou wonder of all worthyes, but *Troy* burnes:
Thouſands of Troian Coſſes blocke the ſtreetes,
Some flying fall, and ſome their killers kill:
Where ſhall I meete thee death? before I flye,
Some Conquerours yet, ſhall brauely conquered die. *Exit.*

Explicit Actus ſecundus.

Actus Secundus: Scœna prima.

Enter Priam *in his night-gowne and slippers, after him* Hecuba, Hellena, Andromache, Heliena, Cassandra, Polyxena, Polites, Astianax. *An Alarum.*

All La. Oh helpe vs father *Priam*, Oh the *Greeks*.

Pri. I haue done more then age would suffer me
They haue tilted masts against my Pallace gates,
And burst them open.

All La. Oh father *Priam*, whether shall we flye?

Pri. We are incompast round with sword & fire,
'Las Daughters, 'las my young *Astianax*.

All La. Oh heauen, they come, where may we hide vs safe?

Pri. Safety and helpe are both fled out of *Troy*,
And left behind nothing but massacre:
My Pallace is surpris'd, my guard all slaine,
My selfe am wounded, but more with your shreeks,
Then by the swords of Grecians: come let's flie
Vnto the sacred Altar of the gods.

All La. May we be safe there father?

Pri. Safe? Oh no;
Safety is fled. Death hath our liues in chase,
And since we needes must dye, let's chuse this place. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter at the one doore* Hellen, *at the other* Cressida.

Cres. Whither runnes *Hellen*?

Hel. Whither should I fly?

Cres. See, *Troy* is not it selfe, oh wretched *Hellen*!
To shunne the Greekes to run into the fire,
Or flying fire, perish by Greekish steele:
Which hadst thou rather chuse?

Hel. Death, in what shape soeuer hee appeares
To me is welcome, I'le no longer shun him;

But here with *Creſida* abide him: here,
Oh, why was *Hellen* at the firſt ſo faire,
To be come ſubiect to ſo foule an end?
Or how hath *Creſids* beauty ſinn'd 'gainſt Heauen,
That it is branded thus with leproſie?

Creſ. I in conceit thought that I might contend
Againſt Heauens ſplendor, I did once ſuppoſe,
There was no beauty but in *Creſids* lookes,
But in her eyes no pure diuinity:
But now behold mee *Hellen*.

Hel. In her I ſee
All beauties frailty, and this obiect makes
All faireneſſe to ſhow vgly in it ſelfe:
But to ſee breathleſſe Virgins pil'd on heape,
What leſſe can *Hellen* doe then curſe theſe Starres,
That ſhin'd ſo bright at her natiuity,
And with her nayles teare out theſe ſhining balls
That haue ſet *Troy* on fire?

Enter Pyrhus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, *&c.*

Pyr. Pierce all the Troian Ladies with your ſwords,
Leaſt 'mongſt them you might ſpare *Polixena*.

Agam. Stay, I ſhould know that face, tis *Helena*.

Mene. My Queene?

Hel. I am not *Hellen*, but *Polixena*:
Therefore reuengfull *Neoptolemus*
Doe Iuſtice on me for thy fathers death.

Pyr. Polixena? by all *Achilles* honours
Ile part thee limbe from limbe.

Creſ. Pyrhus forbeare,
It's the *Spartan* Queene.

Men. If *Hellen*, the adulterous ſtrumpet dyes,
Ile be her death-man.

Hel. Strike home *Menelaus*,
Death from thy hand is welcome.

Aga. Hold I ſay,
Shee's *Clitemneſtras* ſiſter, for her ſake

Hellen

Hellen shall liue, and Kingly *Menelaus*
Receiue her into fauour.

Pyr. Agamemnon
Is too remisse, I haue sworne all blood to spill
I meet with, and this one will *Pyrhus* kill.

Men. And I this other.

Aga. For our sake *Menelaus* let her liue.
Was not our sister borne against her will
From *Sparta?* for that wrong done by the Troians
Doth not *Troy* burne? and are not all our swords
Stain'd in the blood of *Paris* slaughtered friends?
You shall be reconcil'd to *Helena*,
And beare her backe to *Greece*.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. Hellen at shrift. alas poore penitent Queane,
Dost heare me *Menelaus?* pardon her,
Take her againe to *Sparta*, thou'lt else want
So kind a bed-fellow.

Men. Take backe my shame?

Ther. Yes for thy pleasure.
There's in the world as rich and honourable
As thou, who lend the pleasures of their bed
To others, and then take them backe agayne
As they can get them.

Men, My brow shall neuer beare
Such Characters of shame.

Ther, Thy browes beares hornes already, but who sees (them?
When thou return'st to *Sparta*, some will thinke
Thou art a Cuckold, but who is't dare say so?
Thou art a King, thy sinnes are clouded o're,
Where poore mens faults by tongues are made much more.
Of all men liuing, Kings are last shall heare
Of their dishonours.

Aga. What inferiour Beast
Dares tell the Lyon of his Tyranny,
Who is not torne asunder with his pawes?
The King of *Sparta* therefore needs not feare

The tongues of subiects bid our sister rise
To safety in thine armes.
Ther Doe *Menelaus*.
Mene. But will my *Hellen* then by future vertue
Redeeme her long lost honour?
Hel. If with teares
The Heauens may be appeas'd for *Hellens* sinnes,
They shall haue penitent showers: If *Menelaus*
May with the spirit of loue be satisfied,
Ile ten times rectifie my forfet honour
Before I touch his bed.
Men. Arise then *Hellen*, *Menelaus* armes
Thus welcome thee to safety.
Ther. Ha, ha, ha,
Why this is well, for he that's borne to dye
A branded Cuckhold, huggs his destiny:
Goe, get you after *Pyrhus* to the slaughter,
Ile looke to *Hellen*.
Aga. Conueigh her to our guard. *Exit*.
Ther. *Hellen*, hereafter see thou proou'st more wise,
If not more honest, yet be more precise. *Exit*.

Enter Prince Chorebus *with other* Troians *in* Greekish *habits*.

Cho. These shapes thriue well, we haue guilt our Greekish armes
With blood of their owne nation: some we haue sent
To euerlasting darkenesse, some repulst
Backe to their ships: some we haue made to flye
Into their horses bulke, whence *Pyrhus* first
Lept downe vpon his speare.

Enter Synon, Therstites, *and the* Greekes *dragging in* Cassandra.

Syn, Come souldiers, this is stately tragicall,
The Greekes wade vp euen to the brawny thighes
In luke-warme blood of our despoyled foes.

Aboue

Aboue *Melpomene*'s huge buskind top
We plunge at euery ſtepp, and brauely fought
By *Troyes* bright burning flame: that's now our light.
Ther. More of our valiant mates, let's ioyne with them,
This ſtreete yet's vnaſſaulted and vnfir'd:
Some balls of wild-fire ſtreight, and hurle this Lady
Into the fury of the burning flame.
Cho. My wife *Caſſandra?*
Syn. Courage, let none ſcape
Fire, vengeance, blood, death, murder, ſpoyle and rape.
Cho. All theſe on *Greece* and twenty thouſand more,
Till they like *Troy* be drown'd in teares and goare.

Chorebus *and the reſt beate off the* Greekes, *and reſcue* Caſſandra.

Caſſ. From Greekes to Greeks, from fire kept for the ſword,
From one death to another.
Cho. Caſſandra no.
Caſſ. My Lord the Prince *Chorebus?*
Cho. Yes the ſame,
Who hath preſeru'd thee both from ſword and flame.

Enter Æneas *with his father, who taking* Chorebus *for a Grecian by reaſon of his habite, fights with him and kils him.*

Æne. More Greekes and ſee *Caſſandra* captiue made,
Aſſault them Troians, reſcue the faire Princeſſe;
This way deare father mount my backe againe.
Caſſ. Oh falſe *Æneas*, thou haſt ſlaine thy friend:
Many a Greeke (thus ſhapt) he ſent to hell,
And being a Troian by a Troian fell.
Æne. He dy'd not by my hand, but his owne fate.
Caſſ. And I forgiue thee good *Æneas*, flie,
Thou ſhalt ſuruiue, but *Troy* and wee muſt fall:
The hope of all our future memories
Are ſtor'd in thee, take vp thy ſacred load

Reuerent *Anchiſes* bed-rid through his age,
We are all doom'd, faire *Troy* muſt periſh here,
But thou art borne a greater *Troy* to reare.

Æne. The Heauens haue hand in all things, to their pleaſure
Wee muſt ſubſcribe: *Creuſa*, where's my Wife?
In looſing her I ſaue but halfe my life.
Come reuerent father, on my ſhoulders mount,
Though thouſand dangers dogge vs at the heeles,
Yet will wee force our paſſage. *Exeunt.*

King Priam *diſcouered kneeling at the Altar, with him* Hecuba, Polixena, Andromache, Aſtianax: *to them enter* Pyrhus, *and all the Greekes*, Pyrhus *killing* Polytes Priams *ſonne before the Altar.*

Pyr. Still let your voyces to hye Heauen aſpire
For *Pyrhus* vengeance, murdring ſteele and fire.

All the Ladies. Oh, oh.

Pri. My ſonne *Polytes*? oh thou more hard hearted
Then fatall *Pyrhus* or his fathers guard,
That in the ſhadow of this ſacred place
Durſt ſprinke the childs blood in the fathers face.

Pyr. *Priam*? thanks ſweet reuenge, through ſwords & armour,
Through mures, and Counter-mures of men and ſteele;
Through many a corner, and blind entries mouth
I haue followed this thy bleeding ſonne to death,
Whoſe ſwift perſuite hath traind me to this Altar
To be reueng'd on thee for the ſad fate
Of great *Achilles*.

Pri. Thou art *Pyrhus* then?

Pyr. My acts ſhall ſpeake my name,
I am that *Pyrhus* who did mount yon Horſe
Hyding mine armour in his deepe vaſt bulke,
The firſt that lept out of his ſpacious ſide,
And toſt conſuming fire in euery ſtreet,
Which climb'd, as if it meant to meete the ſtars,
I am that *Pyrhus* before whom *Troy* falls.

Before

Before whom all the Vanes and Pinacles
Bend their high tops, and from the battlements
On which they ſtand, breake their aſpiring necks.
The proudeſt roofe and moſt imperious ſpyre
Hath vaild to vs and our all waſting fire.
Pri. *Pyrhus*, I know thee for my deſtin'd plague,
I know the gods haue left vs to our weakneſſe,
I ſee our glories ended and extinct,
And I ſtand ready to abide their doome;
Onely for pitty and for pieties ſake
Be gracious to theſe Ladies.
Syn. *Pyrhus* no,
Such grace as they did to *Achilles* ſhew,
Let them all taſt; let grace be farre exil'd,
Kill from the elder to the ſucking child.
Pri. Hee's prone enough to miſchiefe of himſelfe,
Spurre not that fury on which runnes too faſt,
Nor adde thou to old *Priams* miſery
Which ſcarce can be augmented tis ſo great.
Pyr. Dye in thy tortures then.
Hecu. Oh ſpare his life.
Aſti. Good man kill not my Grandſire.
Pri. Good man doe.
Hecu. Kill mee for him.
Aſti. No, ſhee's my Grandam too,
Indeed ſhee's a good woman, chuſe ſome other
If you muſt needes kill.
Pyr. This then.
Aſti. Shee's my Mother, you ſhall not hurt her.
Pri. This boy had a father,
Hector his name, who had hee liu'd to ſee
A ſword bent 'gainſt his wife, this Queene, or me,
He would haue made all *Greece* as hot to hold him
As burning *Troy* is now to ſhelter vs.
Aſti. Good Grandſire weepe not, Grandam, Mother, Aunt
Alas, what meane you? If you be good men
Put vp your ſwords and helpe to quench theſe flames,

Or if in killing you such pleasure haue,
Practise on him, kill that ill fauoured knaue.

Syn. Mee bratt?

Pyr. Vlysses, Agamemnon. Menelaus,
Synon, Therſites, and you valiant Greekes;
Behold the vengeance wrathfull *Pyrhus* takes
On *Priams* body for *Achilles* death:
Synon, take thou that Syren *Polixene,*
And hew her peece-meale on my fathers Tombe.
Therſites, make the wombe of fifty Princes
A royall ſheath for thy victorious blade:
Diomed, let *Caſſandra* dye by thee,
And *Agamemnon* kill *Andromache:*
And as my ſword through *Priams* bulke ſhall flie,
Let them in death conſort him, and ſo dye.

Ther. When, when, for *Ioues* ſake when?

Syn. Some expeditious fate this motion further,
Me thinks tis long ſince that I did a murder.

Pri. Oh Heauen, oh *Ioue,* Stars, Planets, fortune, fate,
To thinke what I haue beene, and what am now;
Father of fifty braue Heroick ſonnes,
But now no Father, for they all are ſlaine.
Queene *Hecuba* the Mother of ſo many,
But now no Mother: for her barren wombe
Hath not one child to ſhew, theſe fatall warres
Haue eate vp all our iſſue.

Aſti. My deare Father,
And all my princely Vnkles.

Andr. My deare Husband,
And all my royall brothers.

Hecu. Worthy *Hector,*
And all my valiant ſonnes.

Pri. And now that *Priam* that commanded *Aſia,*
And ſate inthron'd aboue the Kings of *Greece,*
Whoſe dreaded Nauy ſcowerd the *Helleſpont,*
Sees the rich towers hee built now burnt to aſhes:
The ſtately walls he reard, leuel'd and euen'd,

His Treasures rifled and his people spoyl'd:
All that he hath on earth beneath the Sunne
Bereft him, sauing his owne life and these,
And my poore life with these, are(as you see)
worse then the rest: they dead, we dying bee.
Strike my sterne foe, and proue in this my friend,
One blow my vniuersall cares shall end.

Pyr. And that blow *Pirhus* strikes, at once strike all.

Syn. Why so, so, this was stately tragicall. *They are all slaine at once.*

Asti. Where shall I hide me?

Pyr. So nimble *Hectors* bastard?
My father slew thy father, I the sonne:
Thus will I tosse thy carkas vp on hie,
The brat aboue his fathers fame shall flie.

He tosseth him about his head and kills him.

Syn. No, somewhat doth remayne,
Alarum still, the peoples not all slaine,
Let not one soule suruiue.

Pyr. Then Trumpets sound
Till burning *Troy* in Troian blood be drown'd. *Exeunt.*

The Alarum continued, shreiks and clamours are heard within. Enter with Drumme, Colours, and Souldiers Agamemnon, Pyrhus, Vlysses, Diomed, Menelaus, Hellen, Thersites, Synon, *&c.*

Pyr. What more remaines t'accomplish our reuenge?
The prudest Nation that great *Asia* nurst
Is now extinct in *Lethe.*

Mene. All by *Hellen,*
Oh had that tempting beauty ne're beene borne,
By whom so many worthies now lie dead.

Syn. A hot Pest take the strumpet.

Ther. And a mischiefe:

Syn. Twa this hot whore that set all *Troy* a fire.

Hel. Forgiue me *Pyrhus* for thy fathers death,

Troy for thy sack, King *Priam* for thy sonnes,
Greece for an infinite slaughter, and you Husband
For all your nuptiall wrongs, King *Menelaus*,
must confesse, my inconsiderate deed
Haue made a world of valiant hearts to bleed.
Dio. What, note is that which *Pyrhus* eye dwels on?
Pyr. The perfect number
Of Greekes and Troians slayne on either part.
The siege ten yeares, ten moneths, ten dayes indur'd,
In which there perish't of the Greekes 'fore *Troy*
Eight hundred thousand & sixe thousand fighting men:
Of Troians fell sixe hundred sixe and fifty thousand,
All souldiers; besides women, children, babes,
Whom this night massacred.
Hel. All these I slew.
Syn. Nay, some this hand sent packing, that's not true.
Vlyss. *Æneas*, with twenty two ships well furnish't,
(The selfe same ships in which young *Paris* sayl'd
When hee from *Sparta* stole faire *Helena*,)
Is fled to Sea.
Dio. *Anthenor* with fiue hundred Troians more
Scap't through the gate cal'd *Dardan*.
Pyr. Let them goe,
That of *Troyes* sack the world by them may know,
Where aboue thirty braue Heroick Kings
Haue breath'd their last: besides inferior Princes,
Barons and Knights, eighteene imperiall Monarches
With his owne hands renowned *Hector* slew:
My father besides *Troilus* and that *Hector*,
Eight famous Kings that came in ayd of *Troy*.
Three Troian *Paris* with his Arrowes slew,
Of which one was my father: *Diomed*
Foure Monarches with his bright sword sent to death.
Our selfe the warlike Queene of *Æmazons*,
And aged *Priam*.
Ther. Brauely boast he can,
A wretched woman and a weake old man.

Pyr.

Pyr. And now *Troyes* warres are ended, we in peace
With glorious conqueſt to ſayle backe to *Greece*.
Their Nation's vaniſh'd like their Cities ſmoake,
Our enemies are all aſhes: worlds to come
Shall Cronicle our pittileſſe reuenge
In Bookes of Braſſe and leaues of Adamant.
Towards *Greece* victorious Leaders, our toyle's paſt;
Troy and *Troyes* people we haue burn't in flames,
And of them both left nothing but their names. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus: Scœna prima.

Enter Prince Cethus *the ſonne of King* Naulus, *and brother to* Palamides.

Ceth. With wondrous ioy they ſay, the Greekes returne
With Triumphes and ouations piercing Heauen,
Where e're they ſet but foot loude Pæans ſung,
And Oades to ſpheare-like Notes tun'd in their prayſe:
Whil'ſt *Cethus* like a forlorne ſhadowe walkes
Diſpis'd, diſgrac't, neglected and deboſht;
Playing his melancholly, cares and ſorrowes
On his diſcordant Hart-ſtrings. Oh my fate!
Shall I, that haue this body aud this braine,
A royalty ſtampt on mee in my birth:
Whoſe wrongs haue beene of marke through all the world
Troubling each eare, and being diſputable
By euery tongue that hath beene taught to ſpeake,
Euen in the mouthes of Babes, all rating mee
Of cowardeſie and ſloth: ſleepe, an occaſion
Being fairely offered? No, awake reuenge,
Ile bring the now to action.

Enter Pilades.

Pil. Heare you the newes

Ceth.

Ceth. *Orestes* friend, the noble *Pilades*?
Instruct mine ignorance, I know of none.
Pil. This day the Prince, great *Agamemnons* heire
Orestes whom you truely call your friend,
Betroths the young and faire *Hermione*
Daughter to beauteous *Hellen*.
Ceth. *Hymens* ioyes.
Crowne them with all true pleasure.
Pil. Shall we haue your presence at the Contract?
Ceth. Who's within?
Pil. Onely *Egistus*, *Clitemnestras* friend,
The Queene and faire *Electra*.
Ceth. Witnesse enough,
Then spare me for this time good *Pilades*,
Wee'le owe them greater seruice.
Pyl. But tis a duty that I owe my friend,
My absence would distast him. *Exit.*
Ceth. Fare you well.
Doe, doe, contract and marry, ayme at Heauen,
But Hell is that they plunge in: Oh *Palamedes*
My basely betray'd brother, sold at *Troy*
As we would cheapen Horses, yet a Prince:
A Prince? nay Generall of the Greekish hoste.
Emperour and Keyser, chose to that command
By a full Iury of Kings, and by them rated
The prime & worthiest: who being far from equal
Could find in whole *Greece* no competitor.
Yet this peculiar man, this God of men,
By false *Vlysses* and *Atreus* sonnes
Agamemnon and *Menelaus*, basely supplanted;
Who, for they would conferre amongst themselues
The soueraignty forg'd letters sent from *Troy*,
And coine withall mark't with King *Priams* stamp,
As if this father of his fame and Nation
Whose onely ends were aymd to honour *Greece*
Wou'd haue betrayde his people: this suggested,
My brother was arraign'd, conuict, condemn'd;

For

For which I haue vow'd the vniuerſall ruine
Of all the Kings of that corrupted bench.
Palamides thy blood in *Aſia* ſhed
Shall make all *Europe* mourne ſince thou art dead.

Enter Egiſtus, Clitemneſtra, Oreſtes, Pilades, Hermione, *and* Electra.

Cli. *Mecenaes* King and *Sparta's* would be proud
To ſee this happy and bleſt vnion made
Betweene their royall Familyes.
Oreſt. This faire Virgine,
Second from *Læda* to whom *Ioue* vouchſaf't
The ſtrict Imbrace of his immortall arme,
Vnſpotted with her mothers proſtitution,
Wee'le thus receiue.
Hermi. May my chaſt innocence
Breake through the Cloud which hath ecclips'd her fame,
Whoſe luſter may out-ſhine my mothers fraileties,
And they through me may bee forgot in *Greece*.
Egi. *Hermione*, your words taſt of your breeding
Vnder this Queene your faire and Princely Aunt,
were young *Electra* but ſo well beſtowed,
Great *Agamemnon* in ſo braue a match
Would thinke himſelfe more grac'd, then in fruition
Of all the forraigne Trophies.
Ceth. May ſhee prooue?
A whore like to her Mother: Prince *Oreſtes*,
And you bright Lady *Spartans* ſecond light,
May all the vertues of this potent Queene
Take life in you, to prooue hereditary
That the great Arch-duke crown'd with fame and honour,
In his returne may adde a ſurpluſadge
To his already ſurfet: find his bed
By this adultreſſe baſely ſtrumpetted,
And make the Downe they lye on quaffe their blood.
Oreſt. How doe you faire *Electra* in your iudgement
Applaude your brothers choyce?

Elect. As of a contract
Made by the gods aboue, and now by Princes
Here ratified on earth.
Oreſt. I would my friend
Were to you ſiſter, but as faſt betroth'd
As I to *Hellens* daughter: But deare *Pilades*,
Tis Time muſt perfect all things.
Pil. Madam you heare
This motion from your brother.
Elect. And I craue
Time to conſider on't.
Oreſt. Tis on foote,
Purſue it then with all aduantages,
Command my free aſſiſtance to beginne:
Had you *Electra* friend, as I *Hermione*;
We were at firſt as forraigne as you two,
And euery way as ſtrange, but opportunity
That hath vnited vs, may make you one.
After ſome amorous parliance, let vs now
Vnto the Temple and there ſacrifice
Vnto the gods, that *Greece* no more may mourne
But glory in our fathers ſafe returne.
Egiſt. His ſafety is our danger, for know Madam,
Our loue hath bin too publick.
Ceth. That's the ground
On which to build my proiect.
Cli. Grant it hath.
Cannot a more then nine yeares widdow-head
Excuſe mee being a woman? thinks the King
Wee can forget that leſſon in our age,
Which was by him firſt taught vs in our youth?
Or was't his ayme to ſhew vs choyce delights,
Then barre vs their fruition? Firſt to taſt
Our pallat, next to make vs appetite;
And when our ſtomacks are prepar'd and ſharpen'd:
For Coſtly vionds plac't before our eyes,
Then to remoeue the table? hee's vnkind;

And

And as hee hath dealt with vs, ſo muſt find.

Enter Synon.

Syn. The Queene? to her my ſpeed is.

Cli. Speake on ſouldier.

Syn. Iam the herald of moſt happy newes,
Troy with the earth is leueld, ſackt, and burnt;
Priam with all his memory extinct,
Queene, daughters, ſonnes, and ſubiects ruin'd all.
Now like the vapour of their Cities ſmoake,
And of them no more found: And Madam now
The King your Lord, the Elder of the *Atryd's*,
Duke of the puiſſant and all conquering Hoſt,
His temples archt in a victorious orbe,
And wreth'd in all the glories earth can yeeld
Is landed in *Mycene* a Conquerour:

Ceth. How could they ſcape thoſe fierce fires *Naulus* made
In vengeance of his ſonne *Palamides*
To ſplit their curſed Fleete vpon the rocks.

Cli. Make repetition of their ioyes againe,
Beeing things that I cannot heare too oft,
And adde to them: Is *Menelaus* ſafe
My husbands brother? *Hellen* how fares ſhee?
Or is ſhee thence repurchaſt? fill mine eares
With ſuch ſweete Tones, 'tis all I can deſire.

Syn. Take your full longing then, for though the Seas
With tempeſts, ſtormes, rocks, ſhipwracks, ſhelues and ſands
More dammag'd them then all the Troian ſiege.
Although the Beacons fir'd to draw their Fleete
Diſtreſſed and diſperſt vpon the rocks
Sunke many a goodly bottome: Yet the Generall
Scap't by the hand of *Ioue*, with him King *Diomed*,
Vlyſſes, and great *Neoptolimus*,
With *Spartan Menelaus* late attend
With beauteous *Hellen* cauſe of all theſe broyles:
All theſe attend vpon the Generall
To bring him home victorious, and this night
Will lodge in the Kings Pallace.

Cli. Souldier thanks,
Theſe twice fiue yeares I haue a widdow beene,
Thy newes haue now new married mee: giue order
For the Kings intertainment, all the ſtate
Mycene can yeeld ſhall freely be expos'd
In honour of theſe Princes: your great haſt
Doth aske ſome reſt, therefore repoſe your ſelfe,
And for your fortunate newes expect reward.

Syn. The Queene is royall.

Ceth. And now to that diuell
Which I muſt coniure vp: Is the Queene mad?
Or thou *Egiſtus* ſottiſh? ſee you not
The ſtake and ſcaffold, nay the Hang-man too;
And will you blind-fold run vpon your deaths
When there is way to'ſcape them?

Egiſt. What horrid fright
Is this propos'd by *Cethus*?

Ceth. The King's return'd,
And doth not your veines guſh out of your temples
In ſanguine bluſhes? are not your adulteries
Famous as *Hellens*? nay, more infamous,
There was a rape to countenance what ſhee did,
You nought ſaue corrupt luſt and idleneſſe:
Tis blab'd in the Citty, talk't on in the Court,
All tongues ſurcharg'd, all eyes are fix't on you,
To ſee what fearefull vengeance he will take
For that your proſtitution.

Cli. Hee's a King.

Ceth. True *Clitemneſtra*, ſo he went from hence,
But is return'd a Tyrant fleſht in blood:
Think'ſt thou that he who queld his foes abroad,
Will ſpare at home domeſtick enemies?
That was ſo prone to puniſh others wrongs,
And can forget his owne?

Cli. If *Menelaus*
Haue pardon'd *Hellen*, may not he his brother
Make *Spartas* King his noble preſident,

To doe the like to me?

Ceth. Tush shallow Queene,
How you mistake; see imminent fate affront you,
And will not shun it comming? If his brother
Be branded as a scandall to the world,
What consequence is it that he will grone
Vnder the selfe same burden? rather thinke
He hath propos'd a vengeance dire and horrid
To terrifie, not countenance such misdeeds:
And this must fall on you, lest time to come
Should Chronicle his family for a broode
Of Cuckolds and of Strumpets.

Egist. This thy language
Strikes me with horrour.

Cli. And affrights mee too.

Ceth. Is hee not King? hath he not Linxes eyes,
And Gyants armes, the first to see farre off,
The last as farre to punish? was hee so poore
In friends at home, to leaue no *Argus* here
To keepe his eyes still waking? thinke it not
But that he knew the treason of his bed,
Hee had not faire *Briseis* snatcht perforce
From th'armes of great *Achilles*.

Cli. That I heard.

Ceth. Why hath he a new mistresse brought from *Troy*,
But to state her in *Clitemnestraes* stead,
And make her *Micenes* Queene whilst you poore wretches
Like malefactors suffer, mark't for the Stag
And most ridiculous spectacles.

Cli. You shew the danger,
But teach vs no preuention.

Egist. Set before vs
The obiects of our feares and difficulties,
But not the way to auoyde them.

Ceth. Heare me then,
Preuent your death's by his.

Cli. How? kill the King?

So we heape ſinne on ſinne and baſely adde
Vnto adultery murder.
Ceth. Per ſcelus ſemper tutum ſceleribus iter.
Boldly you haue begun, and being once in,
Blood will cure luſt, and miſchiefe phiſicke ſinne.
Cli. Perhaps our guilt lies hid.
Ceth. In a Kings Pallace
Can luſt in ſuch great perſons be conceald?
Cli. The firſt offence repents mee, and to that
I ſhould but adde a greater.
Ceth. Periſh, doe.
Or what concernes this mee? I ſhall be ſafe,
I haue ſtrumpetted no *Agamemnons* Queene,
Nor baſtarded the iſſue of the *Atrides*:
Or why ſhould I thus labour their ſecurities
Who ſtudy not their owne?
Egiſt. Reſolue then Queene,
The Kings auſteere, and will extend his Iuſtice
Vnto ſome ſad example.
Cli. Oh but my husband.
Ceth. After ten yeares widdow-hood
Can *Clitemneſtra* thinke of ſuch a name?
Cli. You haue halfe wone me, when ſhall this be done?
Ceth. When but this night? delayes are ominous:
Ere he haue time to thinke vpon his wrongs,
Or finde a tongue to whiſper, ere ſuſpicion
Can further be inſtructed or leaſt cenſure,
To call his wrongs in queſtion: inſtantly,
Euen in his height of ioy, fulneſſe of complement
With th' Argiue Kings: whilſt cups are brim'd with healths,
Whilſt iealouſies are drown'd in *Bacchus* boles.
This night before he ſleepe, or that his pillowe
Can giue him the leaſt counſell, ere he can ſpare
A minute for the ſmalleſt intelligence,
Or moment to conſider: I haue done
If you haue either grace in apprehenſion
Or ſpirit in performance.

Egiſt.

Egist. I haue both,
What answers *Clitemnestra*?
Cli. I am swayd,
And though I know there's difference of Iustice
In Princes sitting on the skarlet bench,
And husbands dallying in the priuate bed:
I'le hold him as one sits vpon my life,
Not one that lies inclos'd within mine armes;
Hee's now my Iudge, not Husband, here I vow
Assistance in his death.
Ceth. And so suruiue
Secure and fortunate.
Egist. This night?
Cli. 'Tis done.
Ceth. The proiect I haue cast with all security,
And safety for your person: smooth your browes,
And let there shine a welcome in your lookes
At the Kings intertainment: nay begone,
By this time you are expected; what remaines
Is mine in forme, but yours in action. *Exeunt.*
Now father stile me a most worthy sonne
Palamides, a brother, what neither fires,
Nor rocks could doe, what neither *Neptunes* rage,
Nor *Mars* his fury, what the turbulent Seas,
Nor the combustious Land, that *Cethus* can:
Hee that succeedes my brother in his rule,
Shall first succeede in death: none that had hand
Or voyce in his subuersion that shall stand. *Exit.*
Enter Therſites *and* Synon.
Ther. Well met on Land kind brother, wee are now
Victorious: let's be proud on't.
Syn. Thou say'st true,
Wee are Conquerours in our baseſt cowardise,
Wee had not beene here else.
Ther. Valiant *Hector*,
Achilles, *Troilus*, *Paris*, *Aiax* too.
They are all false, we stand.

Syn.

Syn. Yes, and will ſtiffe
When all the Grecian Princes that ſuruiue
Are crampt and ham-ſtring'd.
Ther. Waſt thou not ſea-ſicke brother?
Syn. Horribly, and fear'd
In the rough ſeas to haue diſgorg'd my heart,
And there to haue fed Haddocks.
Ther. Troians were fellowes
In all their fury to be parlied with:
But with the tempeſts, guſts, and *Furicanes*,
The warring windes, the billowes, rocks and fires
There was no talking: theſe few times we pray'd,
The gods would heare no reaſon.
Syn. Twas becauſe
The billowes with their roaring, and the winds
Did with their whiſtling keepe them from their eares:
But now all's huſht, could wee finde time to pray,
They might find time to heare vs.
Ther. Shall wee be
Spectators of the royall inter-view
Betwixt the King and Queene?
Syn. Ten yeares diuorſt
Should challenge a kind meeting, let's obſerue
The forme and ſtate of this Court-complement,
(things I did neuer trade with:) Harke loud muſicke
Giues warning of their comming.

Loud muſicke. Enter at one doore Agamemnon, Vlyſſes, Diomed, Pyrhus, Menelaus: Synon *and* Therſites *falling into their trayne. At the other* Egiſtus, Clitemneſtra, Cethus, Oreſtes, Pylades, Hermione, Electra, *&c.*

Aga. Vnto our Country and our Houſhold-gods
Wee are at length return'd, trophied with honours,
With *Troyes* ſubuerſion and rich *Aſias* ſpoyles,
This is a ſacred day.
Egiſt. Such *Troy* had once.

Aga. Vnto the gods wel'e sacrifice.
Ceth. So *Priam* fell
Before the holy Altar.
Aga. This Citty is not *Troy*.
Ceth. Where *Hellen* treades,
I hold the place no better.
Aga. See our Queene,
Orestes and *Electra*, for our sake,
Princes of *Greece* daigne them your best salutes,
Deare *Clitemnestra*.
Clit. Royall King and Husband.

After their salute. All the rest complement as strangers, but especially Pyrhus *and* Orestes.

Aga. What's he that kneeles so close vnto our Queen?
Clit. Egistus and your seruant.
Aga. Hee was young
When we at first set sayle from *Aulis* Gulfe,
Now growne from my remembrance; we shall finde
Fit time to search him further.
Ceth. Marke you that.
Egist. Yes, and it toucht me deepely.
Mene. Our sister, and this young *Hermione*,
Daughter to vs and *Hellen*.
Ther. Prity puppy,
Of such a common brach.
Men. Young *Neoptolemus*,
This is the Lady promist you at *Troy*,
For your great seruice done there; she's your owne,
Freely imbrace her then.
Syn. I see we are like
To haue a iolly kindred.
Orest. Pyrhus, inioy
Her whom I haue in contract?
Pyr. Beauteous Lady,
The great'st ambition *Pyrhus* aymes at now,
Is how to know you farther.

Hath beene so mighty to reuenge the wrongs
Of my faire mother, can from *Hermione*
Challenge no lesse then welcome.
Orest. Oh you gods,
Pyrhus, thou wert more safe in burning *Troy*
With horrour, fury blood, fires, foes about thee,
Then in my fathers court.
Ceth. Another Collumne
On which to build my slaughters. Patience Prince,
This is no time for braues and Menaces,
I further shall instruct you.
Orest. I haue done.
Ther. See now the two Queenes meete, & smack in publick,
That oft haue kist in corners.
Syn. *Therſites*?
Thou art growne a monster, a strange thing scarse knowne
'Mongst souldiers, wiues and daughters.
Ther. They are two sisters.
Syn. Yes, and the two King-brothers royally
Betweene them two cornuted.
Ther. We are to loud.
Dio. Princes of *Greece*, since we haue done a duty
To see our Generall mid'st his people safe,
And after many dreadfull warres abroad
In peace at home. 'Tis fit we should disperse
Vnto our seuerall Countries instantly,
I purpose for *Ætolia*, where my Queene
With longing waites my comming.
Aga. Not King *Diomed*,
Till you haue seene *Mecæna*'s pompe and state
In amplest royalty expreſt at full,
Both tasted of our feasts and Princely gifts.
The faire *Ægiale*, who hath so long
Forborne your presence, will not I presume
Deny to spare you to vs some few dayes,
To adde to the yeares number, though not as Generall
Yet will I lay on you a friends command

Which

Which must not be deny'de.

Dio. Great *Agamemnon*
With mee was euer powerfull, I am his.

Cli. And now faire sister welcome back from *Troy*,
Be euer henceforth *Spartaes*.

Hel. Your great care
In my enforced absence (gracious Queene)
Expresst vnto my deare *Hermione*,
Hath much obliged me to you. Oh my fate,
How swift time runnes: *Orestes* growne a man,
Whom I left in the Cradle! Young *Electra*
Then (as I tak't) scarce borne, and now growne ripe,
Euen ready for an husband!

Syn. In whose absence
If but one handsome sweete-heart come in place,
Shee'l not turne tayle for't, if shee doe but take
After mine old Naunt *Hellen*.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. The great and solemne preparation
Of the Court, state and glory mighty Princes,
Attend for you within.

Aga. All are consecrated
Vnto your royall welcomes, enter then,
Wee'l feast like earthy gods, or god-like men.

Loud musick. They possesse the Stage in all state,
Cethus *stayeth behind.*

Ceth. My brayne about againe, for thou hast found
New proiect now to worke on, and 'tis here,
Orestes hath receiu'd *Hermione*
From *Clitemnestra's* hand, her soule is his,
And hee her Genius, two combind in one:
Yet shee is by the fathers Oath conferd
On *Pyrhus*, which shall breede a stormy flawe
Ne're to be peec't againe, but by the deaths
Of the two hopefull youths: perhaps the hazard
Of all these Kings if my reuenge strike home.

(Of that at leasure) but the bloody stage
On which to act, Generall this night is thine,
Thou lyest downe mortall, who must rise diuine.

Enter Orestes *to* Cethus. *Musicke and healthing within.*

Orest. Oh *Cethus* what's this musicke vnto me,
That are compos'd of discords? what are healths
To him that is strucke heart-sicke? all those ioyes
Whose leaders seeme to pierce against the roofes
Of these high structures, to him that is struct downe
Halfe way below the Center?

Ceth. Were you lower,
Yet here's a hand can rayse you, deeper cast
Then to the lowest Abisme: It lyes in me
To aduance you to the height of happinesse,
Where you shall liue eterniz'd from the reach
Of any humane malice.

Orest. Hadst thou seene
Her, in whose breast my heart was paradis'd,
Kist, courted, and imbrac'd.

Ceth. By *Pyrhus*.

Orest. Him:
What passionate and insidiating lookes
Hee cast on her, as if in scorne of me:
Shall hee inioy my birth-right, or inherite
Where I am heire apparant? shall he vsurpe?
Or pleade my interest, where I am possest?
Rule where I raigne? where I am stated, sit?
Braue me in my peculiar Soueraignty?

Ceth. Hee must not, shall not.

Orest. Show mee to depose
The proud Vsurper then.

Ceth. Prince, make't my charge.
In the meane time, from your distracted front
Exile all discontent, let not least rage
Raigne in your eye, or harshnesse in your tongue,
Smooth waters are still deep'st: waite on the King,

And

And be no ſtranger to your mothers eye,
Or forraigne to your Kindred: the feaſt ſpent,
And night with it; the morrow ſhall beget
Proiect of more import (ſcarſe thought on now.)
Oreſt. I build vpon thy Counſell. *Exit* Oreſtes.
Ceth. Which hath proou'd,
Fixt as a rocke, ſtill conſtant, and vnmoou'd.
Enter Egiſtus.
Egiſt. What *Cethus* here? why no ſuch matter now
No cauſe of feare, or leaſt ſuſpicion.
Ceth. Your reaſon?
Egiſt. Tuſh, preſume it, we are ſafe.
Ceth. Obſerue it, they are ſtill ſecureſt, whom
The Diuell driues to ruine.
Egiſt. Harke, their healths
Carrowſing to the Generals Victories,
In all thy heate of ioy, and fire of wine,
No ſparke of iealouſly, all th'Argument
Of their diſcourſe, what they haue done at *Troy*.
Still health on health, and the great Generall
So farre from ſeeming to haue leaſt diſtaſte,
That in all affable tearmes hee courts his Queene,
Nay more, cuts off all banquet Ceremonies,
To haſten his bed-pleaſures, as if times diſtance
Betwixt his boord and pallade, ſeemed more tedious
Then all his Ten yeares ſiege.
Ceth. Goe, loſt man,
Sinke on firme ground, be ſhipwrackt in a Calme.
Theſe healthes are to your ruines, his reuenge:
Hath not *Egiſtus* read of a diſeaſe
Where men dye laughing: others that haue drunke
Poyſon in ſteed of Cordials, periſh ſo?
To dye tis nothing, ſince tis all mens due:
But wretchedly to ſuffer, fall vnpittied,
Vnpittied? nay derided, mockt, and curſt;
To dye as a baſe Traytor, and a Thiefe,
The adulterator of his Soueraignes bed,

Pyr. Prodigious sure,
Since 'tis confirm'd by Thunder.
Oreſt. In mine eares
Did neuer sound seeme halfe to terrible.
Hel. Nor to your eyes, as this sad obiect is,
See great *Atrides* groueling.
Ceth. What damn'd Villaine
Was auther of this proiect?
Omnes. Horrid sight.
Ore. Rest you amazed all, as thunder struke,
And without sence or motion Apoplext,
And onely heare me speake: *Orestes*, he
Who as if marbled by *Meduſaes* head,
Hath not one teare to fall, or sigh to spend,
Till I finde out the murderer, and on him
Inflict remarkable vengance: for I vowe
Were it my father, brother, or his Queene,
Hadst thou my weeping sister hand in it.
If hee? whom equall, (if not rankt aboue)
I euer did, and shall loue *Pylades?*
Wert she whose wombe did beare me, where I lay
Full nine moneths bedded ere I saw the Sunne,
Or the most abiect Traytor vnder Heauen,
Their doomes were all alike, and this I vowe.
Now you whom this silent and speechlesse King
Hath oft commanded, this now senceleſſe braine
As oft directed, this now strengthleſſe hand
More oft protected in a warre, that shall
Be to all times example: Lend your shoulders
To beare him, who hath kept you all in life,
This is a blacke and mourning funerall right,
Deedes of this nature must be throughly searcht,
Nay be reueng'd: the gods haue sayd tis good,
The morning Sunne shall rise and blush in blood.

They beare him off with a sad and funerall march, &c.

Explicit Actus quartus.

ACTVS

Actus Quintus: Scœna prima.

Enter Pyrhus, Hermione, Therſites, *and* Synon.

Pyr. Sweete Lady, can you loue?
Her. Forbeare my Lord,
Can ſuch a thing as loue be once nam'd here,
Where euery Marble that ſupports this roofe,
In emulation doth vye teares with vs?
Nay where the wounds of ſuch a mighty King
Haue yet ſcarſe bled their laſt.
Pyr. Tuſh faire *Hermione*,
Theſe ſights that ſeeme to Ladies terrible,
Are common to vs ſouldiers; when from field returning
All ſmear'd in blood, where Dukes and Kings lie ſlaine,
Yet in our Tents at mid-night it frights not vs
From courting a ſweete Miſtreſſe.
Syn. Hee ſayth right,
And note of this how I can poetiſe:
This his great father of his Loue deſir'd,
When from the ſlaughter of his foes retyr'd
Hee doft his Cuſhes and vnarm'd his head,
To tumble with her on a ſoft day bed:
It did reioyce *Briſeis* to imbrace
His bruiſed armes, and kiſſe his blood-ſtain'd face.
Theſe hands which he ſo often did imbrew
In blood of warlike Troians whom hee ſlew,
Were then imploy'd to tickle, touch and feele,
And ſhake a Lance that had no print of ſteele.
Ther. Continue in that veine, I'le feed thy Muſe
With Crafiſh, Praunes and Lobſters.
Her. You brought theſe of purpoſe to abuſe mee.
Pyr. Peace *Therſites*,
And *Synon* you no more.

Syn. Wee see by *Agamemnon* all are mortall,
And I but shew his neece *Hermione*
The way of all flesh.
Ther. Tis an easie path,
(The Mother and the Aunt haue troad it both)
If shee haue wit to follow.

Enter Vlysses, Menelaus, Diomed *with others.*

Mene. If it be so, *Egistus* is a traytor,
And shee no more our sister.
Vlys. Tis not possible
A Queene of her high birth and parentage
Should haue such base hand in her husbands death,
Her husband and her soueraigne.
Dio. Double treason,
Could it be proou'd against her.
Men. It appeares
So farre against humanity and nature
We dare not once suspect it, but till proofe
Explaine it further, hold it in suspence.
Vlys. Oh but their suddaine flight and fortifying.
Mene. These are indeed presumptions, but leaue that
To a most strict inquiry euen for reuerence
Of Maiesty and Honour to all Queenes,
For loue of vs because shee was our sister,
Both for *Orestes* and *Electra's* sake
Whose births are branded in so foule a deede
Till wee examine further circumstances
Spare your seuerer censures.
Vlis. Tis a businesse
That least concernes vs, but for Honours sake
And that hee was our Generall,
Mene. What, princely *Pyrhus* courting our faire daughter?
Her. Yes sir, but in a time vnseasonable
Euen as the suite it selfe is.
Mene. All delayes
Shall be cut off and she be swayd by vs.

These Royall Princes ere they leaue *Mycene*,
Shall see these nuptiall rights solemnized,
Weele keepe our faith with *Pyrhus*.
Pyr. Wee our vowes
As constant to the bright *Hermione*.
First see the royall Generall here interr'd
And buried like a souldier, 'tis his due:
To question of his death concernes not vs,
Wee leaue it to Heauens iustice and reuenge.
The rights perform'd with faire *Hermione*,
Then to our seuerall Countries each man post,
Captaines disperse still when the Generall's lost.

Enter Cethus, Orestes, *and* Pylades. *disguis'd.* *Exeunt.*

Ore. *Egistus*? and our Mother?
Ceth. Am I *Cethus*,
Are you *Orestes*, and this *Pyllades*,
So sure they were his murderers: this disguise
Will suite an act of death, full to the life
Hee stands vpon a strict and secure guard,
I haue plotted your admittance, it will take
Doubt not, it cannot fayle, I haue cast it so.
Ore. As sent from *Menelaus*?
Ceth. Whose name else
Can breake through such strong guards, where feare and guilt
Keepe hourely watch?
Ore. It is enough, I haue't,
And thou the faithful'st of all friends deare *Pillades*,
Doe but assist mee in my vowed reuenge
And inioy faire *Electra*.
Pyl. Next your friendship
It is the prise I ayme at, I am yours.
Ceth. What slip you time and opportunity,
Or looke you after dreames?
Ore. I am a wake.
And to send them to their eternall sleepe.
In expedition there is still successe,

In all delayes defect: the traytor dyes
Were hee in league with all the destinies. *Exe. Pilad. Oreſt.*
And tis a fruitfull yeare for villany,
And I a thriuing Farmer. In this interim
I haue more plots on foote: King *Menelaus*
I haue incenc'd against proud *Diomed*,
Pyrhus against *Orestes*, hee 'gainst him,
Vlysses without parralell for wit
Against them all: so that the first combustion
Shall burne them vp to ashes. Oh *Palamides*,
So deare was both thy loue and memory,
Not *Hellen* by her whoredome caus'd more blood
Streaming from Princes brests, then *Cethus* shall
(Brother) for thine vntimely funerall. *Exit.*

Enter Egistus, Clitemnestra *with a strong guard.*

Egist. Let none presume to dare into our presence
Or passe our guard, but such well knowne to vs
and to our Queene.
Guard. The charge hath past vs round.
Egist. When sinnes of such hye nature 'gainst vs rise,
Tis fit wee should be kept with heedfull eyes.
Cli. Presume it my *Egistus*, we are safe,
The Fort wherein we line impregnable:
Or say we were surpris'd by stratagem,
Or should expose our liues vnto the censure
Of Law and Iustice, euen in these extreames
There were not the least feare of difficulty.
Egist. Your reason Madam.
Cli. Whom doth this concerne
But our owne blood? should *Pyrhus* grow inrag'd,
I haue at hand my neece *Hermione*
To calme his fury: what doth this belong to
Vlysses, or *Ætolian Diomed?*
Are they not strangers? If it come in question
By *Menelaus*, is hee not our brother?

Our

Our ſiſter *Hellen* in his boſome ſleepes,
And can with him doe all things, feare not then,
Wee are euery way ſecure.
Egiſt. Oh but *Oreſtes*
His ey's to mee like lightning, and his arme
Vp heau'd thus, ſhewes like *Ioues* thunder-bolt
Aym'd againſt luſt and murder.
Cli. Hee's our ſonne,
The filiall duty that's hereditary
Vnto a mothers name preuents theſe feares:
Electra's young, and childiſh *Pilades*
Swai'd by his friend: It reſts, could we but worke
Hellen and *Menelaus* to our faction,
Egiſtus ſhould be ſtated in *Mycene*,
Wee liue his Queene and bride.
Egiſt. Feare's ſtill ſuſpicious.

Enter one of the guard.

Guard. A Letter ſir.
Egi. From whence?
Guard. Tis ſuperſcrib'd from the great *Spartae's* King,
And the Queene *Hellen*.
Egi. Who the meſſenger?
Guard. Two Gentlemen who much importune you
For ſpeedy anſwer.
Egi. Bidde them waite without,
Now fates proue but propitious, then my kingdome
I ſhall preſume eſtabliſh't.
Cli. There's no feare,
Oreſtes once remoou'd, and that's my charge
Either by ſword or poyſon.
Egi. See faire Queene,
Reade what your brother writes, by this we are
Eternis'd in our happineſſe, and our liues
Rooted in ſweete ſecurity.
Cli. Wee not ſuſpect you in our brothers death, *The Queene reades.*
A deede too baſe for any Noble breſt.

Therefore in this neceſſity of ſtate,
And knowing in this forced vacancy
So great a kingdome cannot want a guide.
The ſoueraignty we thought good to conferre
On *Clitemneſtra*, or what ſubſtitute
Shee in her beſt diſcretion ſhall thinke fit,
The vnited Kings of *Greece* haue thus decreed.

Your brother Menelaus.

Egiſt. We are happied euer.
Cli. A ioy ratified,
And ſubiect to no change.
Egiſt. Call in the meſſengers,
Oreſtes and *Electra* once remoou'd,
Wee haue no riuall, no competitor,
Therefore no iealouſie at all.
Cli. None, none.
The gods haue with theſe Kings of *Greece* agreed
In his ſupplanting and inſtating thee,
Thee my moſt deare *Egiſtus*.

Oreſtes *and* Pyllades *diſguiſed are conducted in.*

Egiſt. You the men?
Ore. Thoſe, whom the *Spartan* King made ſpeciall choice of
To truſt this great affaire with.
Egiſt. And y'are welcome,
But are you men of action: ſuch I meane,
As haue beene Souldiers bred, whoſe eyes inur'd
To ſlaughter and combuſtions: at the like
Would not change face, or tremble?
Pil. They that to ſee
Legges, armes, and heads ſtrowed on *Scamander* Plaine,
Kings by the common ſouldiers ſtew'd in goare,
And three parts hid with their imboweld Steedes,
Shadowing their mangled bodies from the Sunne,

As if aboue the earth to bury them:
They that to see an *Assian* Potentate
Kil'd at the holy Altar; his owne blood
Mixt with his sonnes and daughters, Towers demolisht
Crushing whole thousands, of each sexe and age
Beneath their ruines: and these horrid sights
Lighted by scathe-fires, they that haue beheld
These and more dreadfull obiects; can their eyes
Moue at a private slaughter?

Cli. Y'are for vs,
Will you for hire, for fauour, or aduancement,
(Now warres are done) to be made great in Court,
And vndertake that one man easily spar'd
Amongst so many millions (now suruiuing)
That such a creature, no way necessary
But a meere burden to the world wee liue in,
Hee might no longer liue?

Ore. But name the man,
And as I loue *Egistus*, honour you
And al that glory in such noble deeds.
Be what hee will; hee's lost.

Egist. *Orestes*, then?

Ore. Is there none then the world so well may spare
As young *Orestes*? Hee to doe't? *Hee kils*
Egist. Vaine world farewell, Egistus, *first*
My hopes withall, no building long hath stood *discouering*
Whose sleight foundation hath bin layd in blood. *himselfe.*

Cli. I'le dye vpon his bosome.

Ore. Secure the Fort my deare friend *Pillades*,
And to your vtmost pacifie the guard:
Tell them we are *Orestes* and their Prince,
And what wee did was to reuenge the death
Of their dead Lord and Soueraigne.

Pil. Sir I'le doe't. *Exit.*

Cli. Oh mee, that thinking to haue catcht at Heauen,
Am plung'd into an hell of misery.
Egistus dead? what comfort can I haue,

One

One foote Inthron'd, the tother in the graue:
Ore. Can you finde teares for such an abiect Groome,
That had not for an husband one to shed?
Oh monstrous, monstrous woman! is this carrion,
Is this dead Dog, (Dog said I?) nay what's worse,
Worthy the sigh or mourning of a Queene,
When a King lies vnpittied?
Cli. Thou a sonne?
Ore. The name I am asham'd of: oh *Agamemnon*,
How sacred is thy name and memory!
Whose acts shall fill all forraigne Chronicles
With admiration, and most happy hee
That can with greatest Art but booke thy deeds:
Yet whilst this rottennesse, this gangreen'd flesh
Whose carkas is as odious as his name
Shall stinking lie, able to breede a Pest,
Hee with a Princesse teares to be imbalm'd,
And a King lie neglected?
Cli. Bastard.
Ore. If I be,
Damn'd be the whore my Mother, I, I am sure
Nor my dead father had no hand in it.
Cli. Oh that I could but lengthen out my yeares
Onely to spend in curses.
Ore. Vpon whom?
Cli. On whom but thee for my *Egistus* death?
Ore. And I could wish my selfe a *Nestors* age
To curse both him and thee for my dead father.
Cli. Doest thou accuse mee for thy fathers death?
Ore. Indeede 'twould ill become me being a sonne,
But were I sure it were so, then I durst;
Nay, more then that, reuenge it.
Cli. Vpon mee?
Ore. Were all the mothers of the earth in one,
All Empresses and Queenes cast in one mould,
And I vnto that one a onely sonne,
My sword should rauish that incestuous breast

Of nature, and of state.

Cli. I am as innocent of that blacke deede,
As was this guiltlesse Gentleman here dead.

Oreſt. Oh all you powers of Heauen I inuocate,
And if you will not heare me, let Hell do't:
Giue me some signe from eyther feinds or angell,
I call you both as testates.

Enter the Ghoſt of Agamemnon, *poynting vnto his wounds: and then to* Egiſtus *and the* Queene, *who were his murderers, which done, hee vaniſheth.*

Godlike shape,
Haue you (my father) left the Elizium fieldes,
Where all the ancient Heroes liue in bliſſe,
To bring your selfe that sacred testimony,
To crowne my approbation: Lady see.

Cli. See what? thy former murder makes thee mad,

Oreſt. Reſt Ghoſt in peace, I now am satisfied,
And neede no further witneſſe: saw you nothing?

Cli. What should I see saue this sad spectacle,
Which blood-shootes both mine eyes.

Oreſt. And nothing elſe?

Cli. Nothing.

Oreſt. Mine eyes are clearer sighted then, and see
Into thy bosome. Murdreſſe.

Cli. How?

Oreſt. Inceſtuous strumpet, whoſe adulteries,
When Treason could not hide, thou thoughts to couer,
With moſt inhumane murder.

Cli. Meaning vs?

Oreſt. Then, monſter, thou didſt first inſtruct mine hand,
How to write blood, when being a Wife and Queene,
Thou kildſt a King and husband, and haſt taught
Mee being a sonne, how to deſtroy a mother. *He wounds her.*

Cli. Oh moſt vnnaturall.

Oreſt. That I learnt of thee.

Cli. Vnheard of cruelty, but heauens are iuſt,

And all remarkeable sinnes punish with marke,
One mischiefe still another doth beget,
Adultery murder: I am lost, vndone. *Shee dyes.*
Oreſt. Being no wife, *Oreſtes* is no sonne.
Enter Cethus *and* Pillades *with the guard.*
Pil. The guard all stand for you, acknowledging
Oreſtes Prince and King.
Oreſt. I now am neither.
Ceth. What obiect's this? Queene *Clitemneſtra* slaine?
Pil. I hope no sonnes hand in't
Oreſt. *Oreſtes* did it,
The other title's lost.
Ceth. All my plots take
Beyond my apprehension.
Pil. This is an age
Of nothing but portents and prodigies.
Oreſt. The fathers hand as deepe was in her death
As was the sonnes, hee pointed, and I strooke:
Was hee not then as vnkind to a Wife,
As I was to a Mother?
Pil. Oh my friend,
What haue you done?
Oreſt. There is a *Plaſma*, or deepe pit
Iust in the Center fixt for Parricides,
I'l keepe my Court there, and *Erinnis*, shee
In stead of *Hebe*, shall attend my Cup,
Charon the Ferri-man of Hell shall bee
My *Ganimed*.
Pil. The Prince is sure distracted.
Ceth. New proiect still for me.
Oreſt. I'le haue a guard of Furies which shall light mee
Vnto my nuptiall bed with funerall Teades,
The fatall sisters shall my hand-maides bee,
And waite vpon the faire *Hermione*.
Ceth. *Hermione?* shee is betroth'd to *Pyrhus*,
And (mourning for your absence) all the way
Vnto the Temple shee will strowe with teares

Orest. Ha? *Pyrhus* rape my deare *Hermione*?
Hee that shall dare to interpose my purpose,
Or crosse mee in mine Hymineall rights,
I'le make him lie as flat on the cold earth
As doth this hound *Egistus*.

Ceth. And I would so.

Orest. Would? nay I will, his father woare a smocke,
And in that shape rap't *Deiadamia*.
Hee shall not vse my Louelo, oh my Mother;
Friend take that obiect hence.

Ceth. But you *Hermione*,

Oreſt. My hand's yet deepe in blood, but to the wrist,
It shall shall be to the elbowe: gods, nor men,
Angels, nor Furies shall my rage withstand,
Not the graue Honour of th'assembled Kings,
Not Reuerence of the Altar, nor the Priest:
No superstition shall my fury slay,
Till *Pyrhus* from the earth be swept away. *Exit.*

Ceth. *Pillades* attend your friend.

Pil. Hee's all my charge,
My life and his are twinnes.

Ceth. Their mines are countermin'd, *Cethus*, thy fall
Is either plotted, or to blowe vp all. *Exit.*

Enter Synon *and* Therſites.

Syn. My head akes brother.

Ther. What a batchiler,
And troubled with the *Spartan* Kings diseaſe?

Syn. No, there's a wedding breeding in my braine,
Pyrhus the Bride-groome: thou strange creature woman,
To what may I compare thee?

Ther. Canst thou deuise ought bad inough?

Syn. Tis sayd they looke like Angels, and of light:
But for the most part, such light Angels proone,
Ten hundred thousand of their honesties
Will scarce weigh eleauen Dragmaes.

Ther. *Clitemneſtra*,

And *Hellen* for example.

Syn. Young *Hermione*
Hath face from both.

Ther. The ſharpe ſhrewes noſe, they hate hereditary.

Syn. Therſites, I commend that fellowes wit
Proffred a wife young, beautifull and rich,
Onely one fault ſhe had, ſhe wanted braine:
Who anſwered in a creature of that ſexe,
I nere deſire more wiſedome, then to know
Her husbands bed from anothers.

Ther. I commend him,
But tis not in th' *Atrides* family,
To finde out ſuch a woman.

An Altar ſet foorth, Enter Pyrhus *Leading* Hermione *as a bride*, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Diomed. *A great trayne*, Pyrhus *and* Hermione *kneele at the altar.*

Syn. See now the ſacred nuptiall rights proceede,
The Prieſts prepare the Alter.

Pyr. Hymen to whom my vowes I conſecrate
As all my loue. To thee *Hermione*,
Whom in the preſence of theſe Argiue Kings,
I heare contract, be thou auſpitious to vs:
This flamming ſubſtitute to *Saturnes* ſonne,
Within whoſe ſacred Temple wee are rooft,
And before all theſe high Celeſtiall gods
And goddeſſes, in whoſe eyes now we kneele:
Eſpecially you *Iuno* Queene of marriage,
And faire *Lucina*, who haue child-births charge,
Your fauours I inuoake: Let your chaſt fires
Drye vp this Virgins teares; make her ſo fruitefull
That in her iſſue great *Achilles* name
And fame withall, may liue eternally.
Proceede Prieſt to your other Ceremonies.

Enter Oreſtes, Cethes, *and* Pilades, *with the guard, all their weapons drawne*, Oreſtes *runnes at* Pyrhus.

Oreſt. *Priam* before the holy Alter fell,
Before the Alter bid thy life farwell:
Reſcue *Hermione.*
Pyr. *Achilles* ſonne
Cannot reuengeleſſe dye, then witneſſe all,
Blood muſt flow high where ſuch great Princes fal.
Pil. *Oreſtes* is in danger.
Mene. Saue Prince *Pyrhus.*
Ceth. This plot was layd
Both for your life and Kingdome.
Dio. *Menelaus*: ſhall neuer beare it ſo.
Vlyſ. Fy *Therſites,*
Thy ſword againſt me.
Ther. Curſe vpon all whoores.

Cethus *whiſpers with* Diomed.

A confuſed ſcuffle, in which Oreſtes *kils* Pyrhus: Pyrhus, Oreſtes: Cethus *wounds* Pillades, Diomed, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Therſites, &c. *All fall dead ſaue* Vliſſes, *who beareth thence* Hermione: *Which done,* Cethus *riſeth vp from the dead bodies and ſpeakes.*

Ceth. What all aſleepe? and are theſe goſſiping tongues,
That boaſted nought ſaue Warre and Victory,
Now mute and ſilent? Oh thou vgly rogue,
Where's now thy rayling? and thou parracide,
Thy madneſſe is now tam'd, thou need'ſt no chaines
To bring thee to thy wits, darkneſſe hath don't.
This *Diomed?* who dar'd to encounter *Mars,*
And ſayd to wound faire *Venus* in the hand:
Where's your valour now? *Ægiale,*
Vnleſſe (as ſome ſay) ſhe be better ſtor'd,
Is like to lye without a bed-fellow:
Riſe *Pillades,* and helpe to awake thy friend,
What doth your friendſhip ſleepe now? *Menelaus*
Hellen's with a new ſweete-heart ith'next roome,
Wilt thou be ſtill a Cuckold? winke at errors
As pandors do and wittoles? *Cethus* now

Be crown'd in Hystory for a reuenge,
Which in the former World wants president:
Methinks, as when the Giants warr'd 'gainst heauen,
And dar'd for primacy with *Ioue* himselfe:
Hee darting 'gainst their mountaines thunder-bolts,
Which shattred them to peeces: the warre done,
I like the great Olimpicke *Iupiter*,
Walke ore my ruines, tread vpon my spoyles
With maiesty, I pace vpon this floore
Pau'd with the trunkes of Kings and Potentates,
For what lesse could haue sated my reuenge?
This arch-rogue falne amongst them? he whose eies
Had the prepostorous vertue to fire *Troy*,
Now is thy blacke soule for thy periuries
Swimming in red damnation.

Synon *who had before counterfeited death, riseth vp, and answereth.*

Syn. Sir, not yet,
All pollicies liue not in *Cethus* brayne,
Synon hath share, and know if thou hast craft,
I haue reseru'd some cunning: see my body
Free and vntoucht from wounds.

Ceth. Speake, shall we then
Diuide these dead betwixt vs, and both liue?

Syn. If two Sunnes cannot shine within one spheare,
Then why should two arch-villaines? thou hast discouered
Proiects almost beyond me, and for which
I haue ingrost a mortall enuy here,
I will be sole, or none.

Ceth. Cease then to be,
That I may liue without Competitor.
Cause *Synons* name be rac'd out of the World,
And onely mine remembred.

Syn. Thine's but frailty,
My fame shall be immortall; made more glorious
In treading vpon thee, as thou on these;
Stoope thou my Vnderling.

Ceth.

Ceth. I ſtill ſhall ſtand Rooted. *They fight, and kill one another.*

Syn. And yet cut downe by *Synons* hand.

Ceth. I now am duſt like theſe.

Syn. One ſingle fight
Ends him, who millions ruin'd in one night.

Enter Hellena, Electra, *and* Hermione.

Her. Can you behold this ſlaughter?

Hel. Yes, and dye
At ſight of it: for why ſhould *Hellen* liue?
Hellen the cauſe of all theſe Princes deaths;
Ceaſe to lament, reach me my Glaſſe *Hermione*,
Sweete Orphant do; thy fathers dead already,
Nor will the fates lend thee a mother long.

Enter Hermione *with a looking glaſſe, then exit.*

Thankes, and ſo leaue me. Was this wrinkled fore-head
When 'twas at beſt, worth halfe ſo many liues?
Where is that beauty? liues it in this face
Which hath ſet two parts of the World at warre,
Beene ruine of the *Aſian* Monarchy,
And almoſt this of *Europe*? this the beauty
That launch'd a thouſand ſhips from *Aulis* gulfe?
In ſuch a poore repurchaſe, now decayde?
See fayre ones, what a little Time can doe;
Who that conſiders when a ſeede is ſowne,
How long it is ere it appeare from th'earth,
Then ere it ſtalke, and after ere it blade,
Next ere it ſpread in leaues, then bud, then flower:
What care in watring, and in weeding tooke,
Yet crop it to our vſe: the beauties done,
And ſmel: they ſcarſe laſt betwixt Sunne and Sunne.
Then why ſhould theſe my blaſtings ſtill ſuruiue,
Such royall ruines: or I longer liue,
Then to be termed *Hellen* the beautifull.
I am growne old, and Death is ages due,
When Courtiers ſooth, our glaſſes will tell true.

My

My beauty made me pittied, and ſtill lou'd,
But that decay'd, the worlds aſſured hate
Is all my dowre, then *Hellen* yeeld to fate,
Here's that, my ſoule and body muſt diuide, *Shee ſtrangles her ſelfe*
The guerdon of Adultery, Luſt, and Pride.

Enter Vlyſſes.

Vlyſ. In thee they are puniſht: of all theſe Princes,
And infinite numbers that oppoſed *Troy*,
And came in *Hellens* quarrell (ſaue my ſelfe)
Not one ſuruies, (thankes to the immortall powers)
And I am purpoſde now to acquire by Sea,
My Kingdome and my deare *Penelope*,
And ſince I am the man ſoly reſeru'd,
Accept me for the Authors Epilogne.
If hee haue beene two bloody? tis the Story,
Truth claimes excuſe, and ſeekes no farther glory,
Or if you thinke he hath done your patience wrong
(In teadious Sceanes) by keeping you ſo long,
Much matter in few words, hee bad me ſay
Are hard to expreſſe, that lengthned out his Play.

Explicit Actus quintus.

Here ends the whole Hiſtory of the deſtruction of Troy.

FINIS.